

Rainbow Songs

For use in Primary,
Intermediate and other
departments of the Sun-
day School, in Public
and Social Meetings
and other Junior Enter-
tainments.

Compiled and Edited
by
CHAS. H. GABRIEL

PAPER BINDING
CLOTH BINDING

The **RODEHEAVER**
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Preface

Superintendents and Teachers of the Primary and Intermediate departments of Sunday Schools realize the difficulty of securing good, practical and helpful child-songs.

In the preparation of this volume the compiler has kept in mind the words of St. Paul: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."

1. Cor. 13:11.

Final judgment rests with those who use or sing from Rainbow Songs.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL
The Rodeheaver Co.

SUGGESTIONS

The attention of a child is received, held, and an impression made upon its mind more readily and lastingly by action or demonstration than by any other manner or agency, and we believe an intelligent and strategic employment of these suggestions, together with such as will be found scattered throughout the pages of the book, strengthened by any others prompted by local surroundings, which will readily disclose themselves to the interested teacher, will not only add to the attractiveness of the songs, but will prove beneficial in making plain to the child—mind the message contained therein.

It is a waste of time to try to teach a child to sing a song it does not "like"—that does not interest or appeal to it; yet that same song properly interpreted by action or otherwise may prove attractive to the child-nature; but should the teacher discover that her pupils sing only because she requires it, she should at once select another song, for children, like birds, sing spontaneously. When a child sings a **solo**, give it freedom—especially does this apply to the one who plays accompaniments; too often is the little singer hampered by being **led** instead of **followed**.

Children sing better while standing.

The pitch of Rainbow Songs has been kept within the limit of childish voices, but at times conditions, physical and otherwise, obtain, making it necessary to sing a song in a higher or lower key than that in which it is written. This the careful teacher will watch for and so conserve the little voices consigned to her care.

Some songs are better **adapted** to solo than ensemble singing; others as a solo, with chorus by all voices.

When practical, antiphonal singing will prove intensely interesting—room answer room, or class answer class, etc.

No. 3 may be used by a class of little girls, or girls and boys—each stanza to be sung as a solo by a different child, with all joining the chorus.

For No. 5, let the children be supplied with white ribbons and at the words "hurrah! hurrah!" in the chorus, the ribbons should be waved high over the singers heads.

No. 8, should be sung as indicated. No. 18 is susceptible of much motion that will suggest it-self to the teacher.

For public concerts, No. 28, 95, and other songs of similar accent may be made interesting by the use of a swing or see-saw board. A swing may be easily constructed and, as the singers sing, attendants swing them, keeping time with the music—each to or fro movement occupying one or more measures of music. A "saw-horse" and strong plank will answer for a see-saw which should be operated in "time" with the song.

The texts of 32, 37, and 38 are self-suggesting. For 34, 53 and other similar songs the children might be allowed to march around the room, resuming their seats at the close of the song.

A brief talk about the moon and its phases will enhance the interest of 35. Feign sleep during the chorus of 51.

62, first four measures of every stanza, each child builds one hand above the other, quietly and slowly upward from waist to eyes. Last four measures of each stanza, children build in pairs, hand over hand, in exact time, with soft spattering sound. (1) Right fist hammering the left. (2) Right arm raising the left. (3) Hands over heart. (4) Point to bible. (5) Point upward. (6) Point to bible. (7) Dash hands downward. (8) Never imitate prayer. (9) Point to rule. (See Matt. 7:12). (10) Hands separating on word "measure." (11) Hoeing briskly. (12) Point to wood-work. (13) Touch forehead. (14) Touch lips.

63 may be sung by a class of boys each carrying a flag.

At the first verse they stand with flags raised upright. At the chorus the flags are waved with some vigor. With the second verse the flags are held at an angle of forty-five degrees and the children look at them admiringly. At the last verse the flags are waved vigorously during the first two lines; at the beginning of the second two lines the flags are pointed outward; back of the hand down, as a sword would be pointed, then the flags waved at the chorus with a final lift to arms length over the head.

72, have girls and boys on opposite sides of platform, arranged so they may stand sidewise, and face each other while singing first stanza, then face audience during chorus. At (7) all clasp hands—(the center boy and girl, also), thus forming a straight line across the platform; face each other for 2nd stanza; chorus as before, retaining the position to the close of song.

MOTIONS: (1) Girls point finger at boys. (2) Rub eyes with closed hands. (3) Smile. (4) Extend index finger and move hands up and down, facing audience. (5 and 6) Each indicates self with right hand, and faces audience. (7) All clasp hands and swing arms throughout the chorus. (8) A cross, ready-to-cry expression. (9) Swing both arms. (10) point finger at girls. (11) shrug shoulders and toss the head. (12) All hands clasped as at 8 throughout 3rd stanza and chorus. (13) Scowl.

The text of 111, 117 and others need no suggestions.

124. During the chorus of "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," the boys, instead of singing, should "mark time" with "Rah, rah; rah, rah, rah," in a clear tone of voice. At the same chorus last time only, the children should wave small flags heretofore concealed from view.

For 125 the singer and accompanist may omit the last six syllables—"Tu-whit, tu-whit, to-whoo!" of stanzas 1, 2 and 3, and an imitation of the owl be given from an adjoining room. The last stanza should be sung throughout.

Triangles or small bells may be used in connection with the chorus of 126.

127, 128 and 129 are included because of their unrestricted usefulness and the demand for them.

The old established church hymns should not be pushed into the background, but at least one of them should be used during each session of the Sunday School.

Rainbow Songs.

1

Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I

Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re-mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a wen - der that Je - sus loves me.

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

Always Cheerful.

Fanny Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYAN LOWRY, RENEWAL.

Robert Lowry.

1. Let our hearts be al - ways cheerful; Why should murmur ring en-ter there,
2. With His gen - tle hand to lead us, Should the pow'rs of sin as-sail,
3. When we turn a - side from du - ty, Comes the pain of do-ing wrong;
4. Oh! the good are al - wayshap-py, And their path is ev - erbright;

When our kind and lov - ing Fa-ther Makes us chil-dren of His care?
 He has prom-ised grace to help us; Nev - er can His prom-ise fail.
 And a shad - o-w, creep-ing o'er us; Checks the rapture of our song.
 Let us heed the bless - ed coun - sel, Shun the wrong and love the right.

REFRAIN.

Al-ways cheer-ful, al-ways cheer-ful, Sun-shine all a - round we see;

Full of beau-ty is the path of du - ty, Cheer-ful we may al-ways be.

Working Together.

Francis McKinnon Morton.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

CHORUS.

Working to - geth - er, oh, that is the

*This may be used for a class of little girls, or girls and boys - each stanza to be sung

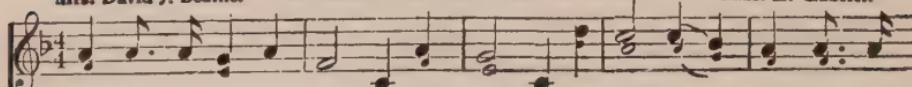
as a solo by a different child, and all joining in the chorus.

My Friend.

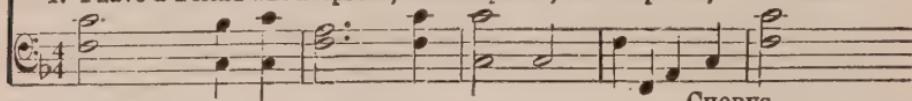
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Mrs. David J. Beattie.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I have a Friend who loves me, who loves me, who loves me, I have a
 2. I have a Friend who helps me, who helps me, who helps me, I have a
 3. I have a Friend who guides me, who guides me, who guides me, I have a
 4. I have a Friend who keeps me, who keeps me, who keeps me, I have a



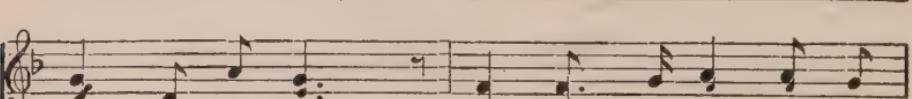
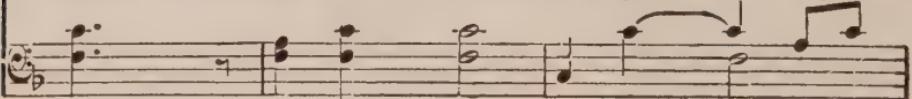
CHORUS.



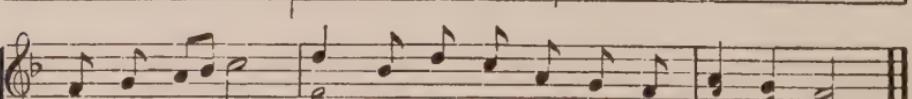
Friend who loves me, And that dear Friend is ² Je - sus. He loves me on
 Friend who helps me, And that dear Friend is Je - sus. He helps me on
 Friend who guides me, And that dear Friend is Je - sus. He guides me on
 Friend who keeps me, And that dear Friend is Je - sus. He keeps me on



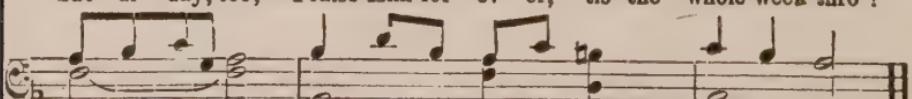
3 Sun - day, and ⁴ Mon - day as well; 5 Tues-day and ⁶ Wednes-day wher-



e'er I may dwell; 7 Thurs - day, and ⁸ Fri - day and



9 Sat - ur - day, too; 10 Praise Him for - ev - er, 'tis the "whole week thro'!"



Actions:—1 Raise right hand and point to breast with first finger; 2 Point up, look up;
 3 Raise left hand in front, with fingers spread, and begin by pointing with the fore-finger
 of right hand to thumb of left, and so on, over all the fingers—4-5-6-7; then continue 8-9 on
 right hand, beginning with thumb; lift the finger well up at each day of the week; 10
 Clasp hands in front; 11 Extend arms outward, with palms slightly turned up. The ac-
 tion in stanzas 2, 3 and 4 are the same as in 1st.

Pure White Ribbons!

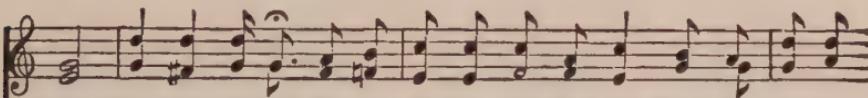
Edith Sanford Tillotson.

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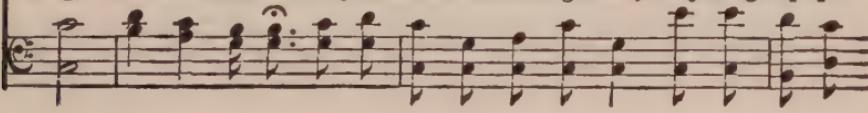
Homer A. Rodeheaver.



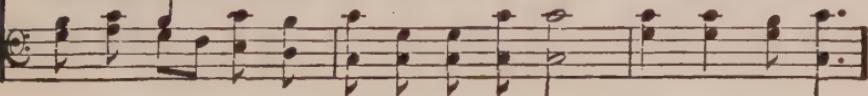
1. Have you seen our badges new? Pure white ribbons! Don't you want to wear one
2. They will drive strong drink a-way, Pure white ribbons! They will sure-ly win the
3. They make stalwart men and strong, Pure white ribbons! And they help the world a-



too? Pure white ribbons! They are em-blems of a band That is work-ing day, Pure white ribbons! They will right the wrongs we bear, Drive out pov - er long, Pure white ribbons! They make sin and suff ring cease, They bring hap - pi-



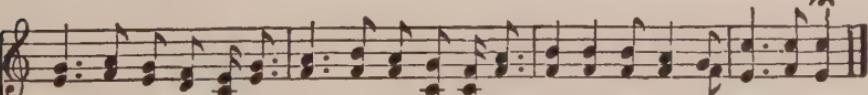
hand in hand, And for tem-per - ance they stand, Pure white rib-bons! ty and care, So we're ver - y proud to wear Pure white rib-bons! ness and peace, Make pros - per - i - ty in-crease, Pure white rib-bons!



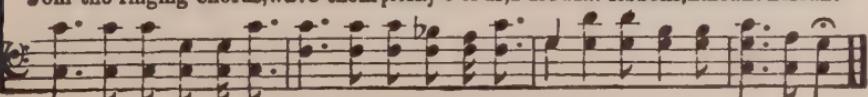
CHORUS.



Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!



Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!

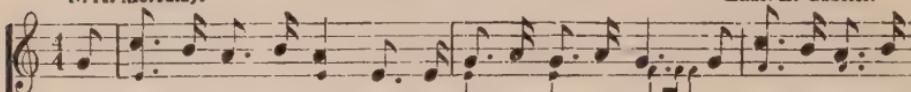


The Little Snow Flake.

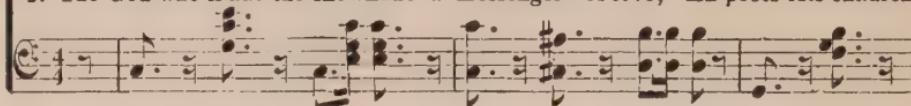
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N. A. McAulay.

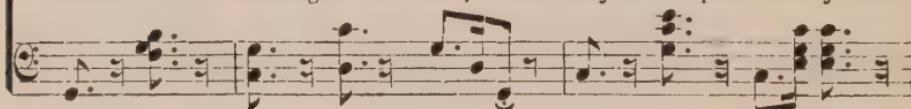
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I saw a lit - tle snow-flake, descending from the sky; I wondered where it
2. It slipped in - to the dark-ness, and found a thirst-y plant Whose roots were longing
3. Then soon my ti - ny dew-drop was ready once a - gain To ride up-on the
4. The God who made the snowflake a messenger of love, Ex-pects His children



got its wings, or how it learned to fly; It light - ed on a mead - o-w, and
for a drink, to slake its dai - ly want; From there it took its jour-ney up
sunbeams bright, as floating mist or rain; It sailed up to the cloud-land, where
who re-ceive His bless-ings from a-bove, That they shall help the thirst-y with



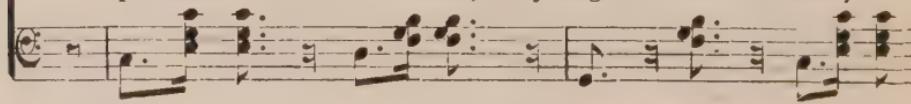
melted right a-way; I tho't it was for-ev - er lost, but that was not its way.
thro' the growing stem, Un - til it on a blos-som sat a spark-ling li-quid gem.
mists are oft en found, Then to a snowflake it was turned, again to make its round.
soul-re-fresh-ing dew, And bright-en need-y blossoms here as lit-tle snowflakes do.



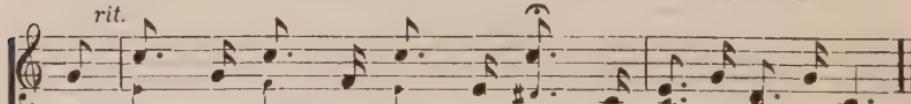
CHORUS.



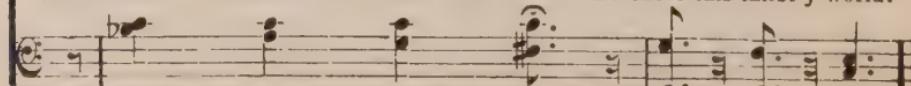
O spot-less lit - tle snow - flake, Thy wings of white un-furled,



rit.



Hast thou come down with robe and crown To cheer this thirst-y world?

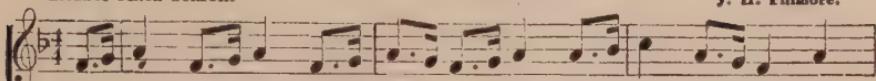


Ten Little Naughty Birds.

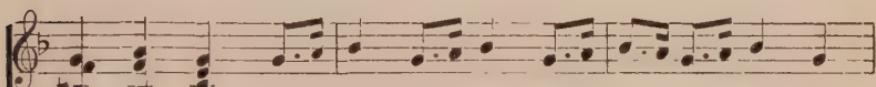
Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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J. H. Fillmore.



1. Of 'ten small things I'll have a care, Of 'ten small things I
 2. There's 'mean', 'unkind' and 'cross' and 'pout,' And 'la - zi - ness' to
 3. These 'ten small birds each child should mind, For in they'll fly each



will be - ware, They seem to ²fly right in the air, At
 guard a - bout; There's 'cry' and 'fret' and 'scold' and 'tease,' And
 chance they find; They're perched right out - side on the sill, 'But



CHORUS.



home, at school, and ev - 'ry - where. { I play they're ²birds, and
 'self - ish - ness' to add to these. { Yes, when they ⁵come a -
 can't come in a - gainst your will.



when I say, "Shoo!" All the naughty birds ²fly a - way.
 round I say, "Shoo!" All the naughty birds [Omit. . .] ²fly a - way.



MOTIONS.—1. Hold up ten fingers. 2. Move fingers briskly and wave hands to side and front to imitate flying. 3. Look at fingers, hands still up. 4. Throw the hands outward as in frightening away fowls. The word "shoo" is spoken—shouted rather—the natural inflection commonly used for such an expression. 5. Bring hands slowly to front. 6. Indicate each bird as the word is sung, on one finger after another. 7. Shake index finger in warning manner.

The accompanist may play for final ending the treble notes to "away" an octave higher.

Tis Written in His Word.

Grace Reece Adkins.

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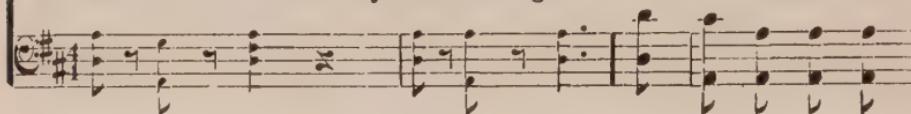
J. C. Williams.

Solo.

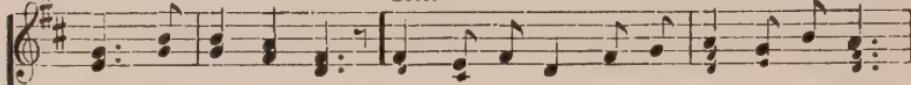
School.



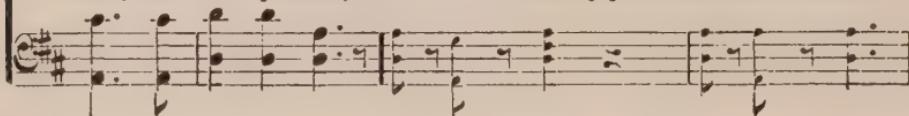
1. How do I know a-bout God and His love? 'Tis writ-ten in His
 2. How do I know Je-sus suf-fered for me? 'Tis writ-ten in His
 3. How do I know that my sins are for-giv'n? 'Tis writ-ten in His



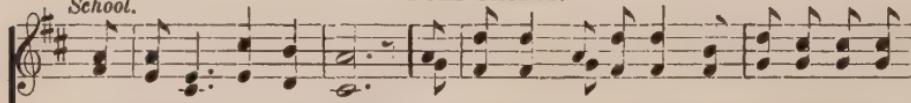
Solo.



Word, His Ho-ly Word; How do I know He sent Christ from a-bove?
 Word, His Ho-ly Word; How do I know I from sin may be free?
 Word, His Ho-ly Word; How do I know joy a-waits me in heav'n?



FULL CHORUS.



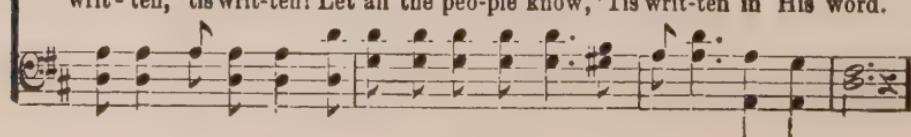
'Tis writ-ten in His word. 'Tis writ-ten, 'tis writ-ten! In doubt I need not



go; 'Tis writ-ten, 'tis writ-ten! Be-cause He loved me so; 'Tis



writ-ten, 'tis writ-ten! Let all the peo-ple know, 'Tis writ-ten in His word.



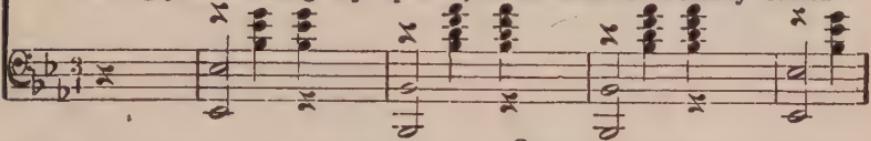
Angry Words! Oh, Let Them Never.

D. E. P.

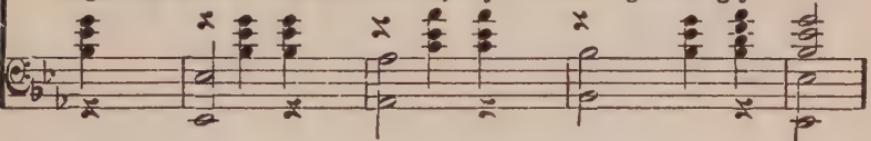
H. R. Palmer.



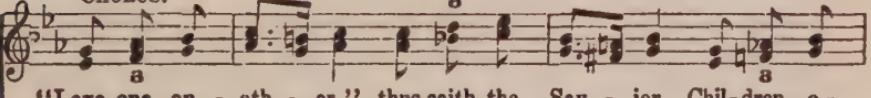
1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-brid-led slip;
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friend-ship is too sa-cred far,
 3. An - gry words are light-ly spok-en; Bit-trest tho'ts are rash-ly stirred—



May the heart's bestim-pulse ev - er Check them'e'er they soil the lip.
 For a mo-ment'sreck-less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
 Bright - est links of life are brok-en, By a sin - gle an - gry word.

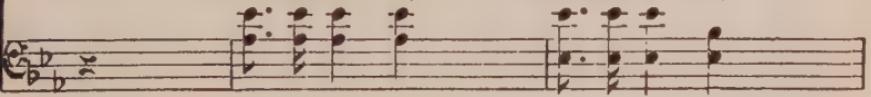


CHORUS.

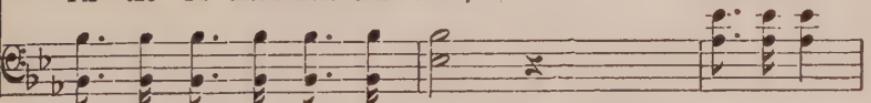


"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - ior, Chil-dren, o -
 "Love each oth - er,

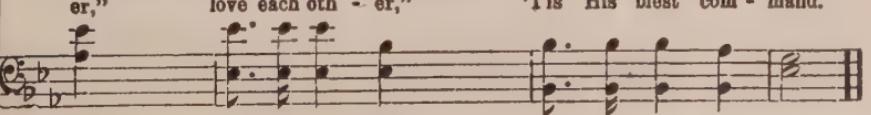
love each oth - er,"



bey the Fa - ther's blest com - mand; "Love one an - oth - er,"
 'Tis the Fa - ther's blest com - mand; "Love each oth -



Thus saith the Sav - ior, Chil-dren, o - bey His blest com - mand.
 er," love each oth - er," 'Tis His blest com - mand.



God is Good.

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N. P. C.

Nellie Place Chandler.

1. See the hap - py bird - lings
 2. Bud - ding, pus - sy - wil - lows,
 3. Mod - est lit - tle vi - 'lets
 4. Ros - es beau - teous ros - es

1 As they up - ward fly;
 6 Grow - ing by the way,
 Of the deep - est blue,
 12 Blow - ing ev - 'ry - where,

Hear their notes of glad - ness,
 2 Reach - ing to the sky,
 'Sway - ing in the breez - es,
 8 Nod - ding day by day,
 10 Hit - ing 'mid the grass - es,
 11 Play - ing peek - a - boo,
 13 Scatt - ring pet - als o'er us,
 Per - fume in the air,

3 Tell - ing us: 4 God is good, God is
 3 Tell - ing us: 4 God is good, God is
 3 Tell - ing us: 4 God is good, God is
 3 Tell - ing us: 4 God is good, God is

good! 1 Bird - lings sing - ing, fly - ing, tell us, 4 God is good.
 good! 2 Nod - ding, pus - sy - wil - lows tell us, 4 God is good.
 good! 3 Mod - est, lit - tle vi - 'lets tell us, 4 God is good.
 good! 12 Ros - es, bloom - ing ros - es, tell us, 4 God is good.

MOTIONS:—1. Hold hands with palms down, waving up and down, rising higher and higher! 2 Hands very high; 3 Listen; 4 Fold hands on heart—look up; 5 Stoop lightly; 6 Straighten slowly; 7 Move body sideways; 8 Nod head to back and front; 9 Look down; 10 Move foot as though pushing grass; 11 Look through fingers; 12 Spread hands to right and left; 13 Hold hands out in front and shake as though sprinkling.

Little Christians.

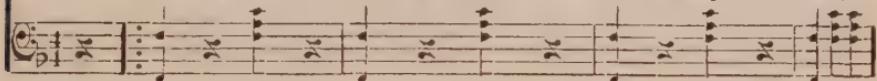
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P. F. C.

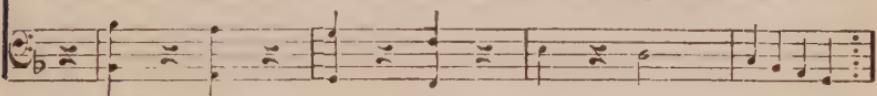
Pauline Frances Camp.



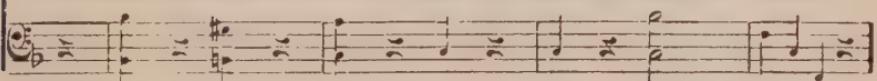
1. Oh, { we are lit - tle Chris-tians, and We try to do our best;
 nev - er fret be - cause we can Not join the big folks' plan;
 2. The { grown up peo-ple's work is grand, And so our dear Friend thinks;
 pleas-ant smile, a kind - ly word, A lit - tle help - ful deed,



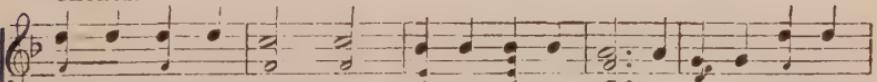
We work and pray with all our hearts, And Je - sus does the rest; We }
 But lit - tle folks are use - ful too, In fill - ing up the chinks; A }



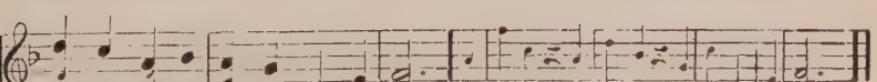
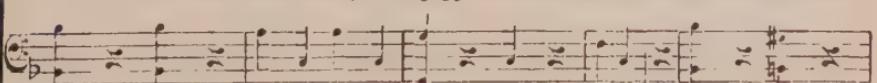
Our lov - ing Friend is sat - is - fied, If we do what we can.
 Will make this big world bet - ter, and Our Mas-ter's cause will speed.



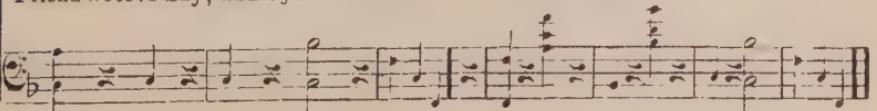
CHORUS.



We are lit - tle Chris - tians, Hap - py hearts and true; And Je - sus is the



Friend we love Say; won't you love Him too? *Between stanzas.*



The Message of the Bells.

A. Selwyn Garbett.

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IN "THE HOLY ONE."

J. W. Lorman.

1. What is the joy - ous sound I hear?
 2. What is the bur - den of their song?
 3. What is the mean - ing of the bells?

Ring-a-ding-dong, Ring-a-ding-dong! O - ver the hills it comes so
 Ring-a-ding-dong, Ring-a-ding-dong! Why do they clam - or all day
 Ring-a-ding-dong Ring-a-ding-dong! What is the tale their mu - sic

CHORUS.

clear, Ring-a-ding-dong, ding-dong!
 long? Ring-a-ding-dong, ding-dong! Ring - a - ding - dong,
 tells? Ring-a-ding-dong, ding-dong!

Ring-a-ding - dong! All a - round and o'er us; Hail to the

King! That's what they sing, And we join in the chor - - us.

C-l-o-c-k.

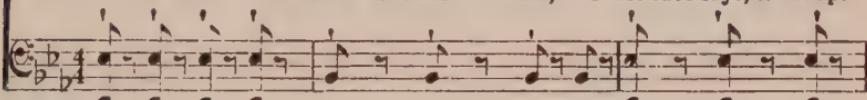
F. E. B.

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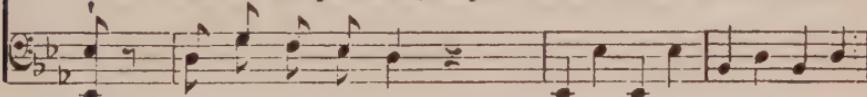
F. E. Bolden.



1. C-l-o-c-k—“The world is like a shelf, Did you ev - er think,
2. C-l-o-c-k—“My face is clean and bright, Hon - est all the time,
3. C-l-o-c-k—“What is it makes me do?— I've a hid - denspring;
4. C-l-o-c-k—“What keeps the mainspring right? I've a trust - y guide;
5. C-l-o-c-k—“My wheels you can - not see, But they mind the spring:
6. C-l-o-c-k—“I heed my mak - er's plans; Sure - ly youshou'd know
7. C-l-o-c-k—“And I've a loud a - larm; Conscience says, Wake up!



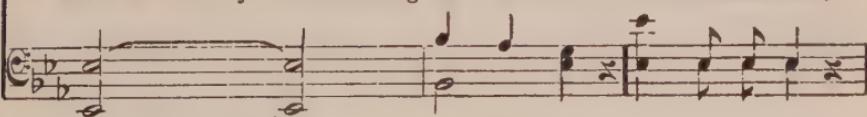
You should be like my - self? For I tick, tick, quick, quick,
 And tells the truth at sight: O be true, true, you, you,
 Let God put one in you; It is love, love, love, love,
 You have one day and night: 'Tis the Book, Book, look, look,
 How ver - y like are we! You have tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts,
 My wheels con - trol my hands As they go, go, so, so,
 Sin wants to do you harm; Keep a - wakel wakel wakel wakel



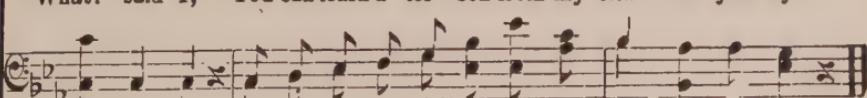
CHORUS.



With a mer - ry chimeworking all the time.” “Tick!” said the clock;



“What?” said I; “You can learn a les - son from my tick* if you try.”



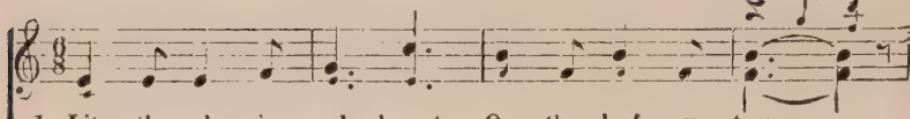
*Near close of Chorus for stanzas 2 to 7, use “face,” “spring,” “guide,” “wheels,” “hands,” and “larm” instead of “tick.”

Little Robin Redbreast.

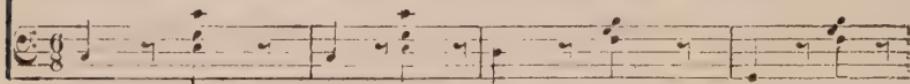
E. E. Hewitt.

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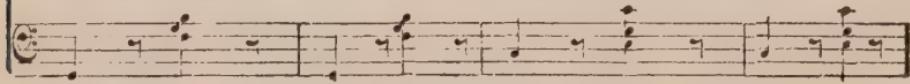
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Lit - tle rob - in red - breast, On the leaf - y tree,
2. Tell me how our Fa - ther Guid - ed you a - right,
3. Now, to us re - turn - ing, Sing your songs a - gain;
4. From no barn nor store - house, Are the bird - ies fed;



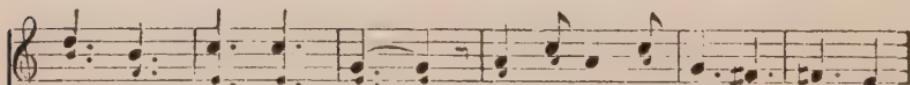
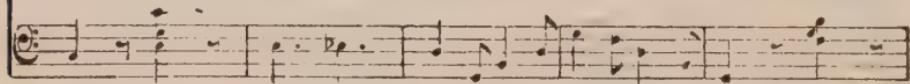
In the bright spring sun - shine, Sing a song to me.
 Taught you in the win - ter, Where to take your flight.
 Till they sweet - ly ech - o O - ver hill and glen.
 God, our Heav'en-ly Fa - ther, Gives them dai - ly bread.



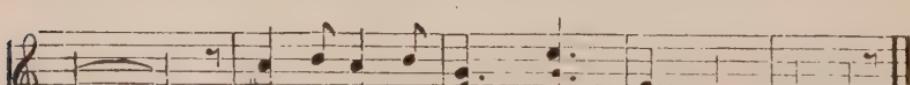
CHORUS.



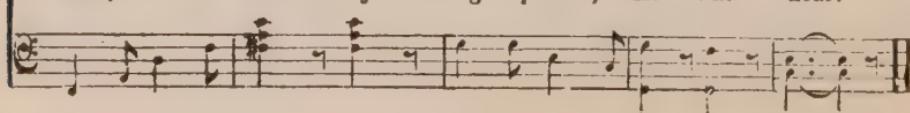
Lit - tle rob - in red-breast, spread your wings; In my heart, so



hap - py, some - thing sings; I can sing of Je - sus, bird - ie



dear; And my lov - ing praises, He will hear.



The Heavenly Stranger.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. No warm down-y pil-low His sweet head pressed, No soft silk-en garments His
2. No jub - i - lant clang of re - joic-ing bell The glo - ri - ous news to the
3. All hail to Thee, Je-sus, Thou Ho-ly One! All hail to Thee, Je-sus! Je-



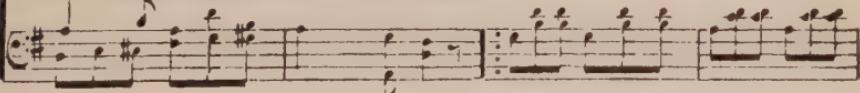
fair form dressed; He lay in a man-ger, this heav - en - ly Stranger, The
world did tell; But an - gels from glo-ry sang sweet-ly the sto - ry Of
ho - vah's Son; While an-gels a - dore Thee, we'll wor-ship be - fore Thee, Our



CHORUS. (With Violin Ob.)



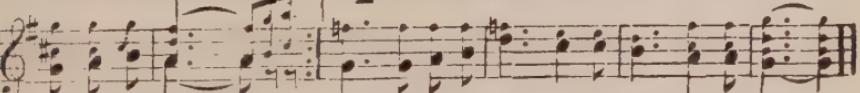
precious Lord Je-sus, the won-der - ful Child. { Thou heav - en - ly Strang - er
Bethlehem's Stranger, the Sav-ior of men. { We'll wor-ship be - fore Thee,
bless - ed Mes-si-ah, our Sav - ior and King.



so gen-tle and mild, Tho' born in a man - ger, the
and praise and a - dore Thee,



2



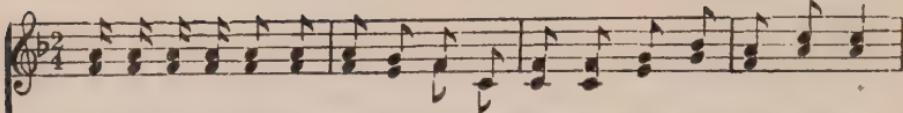
Father's own child; And sing the glad sto - ry a - gain and a - gain.



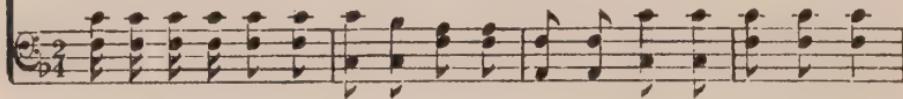
Never Be Afraid.

Anon.

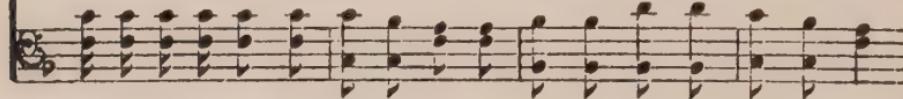
Wm. B. Bradbury.



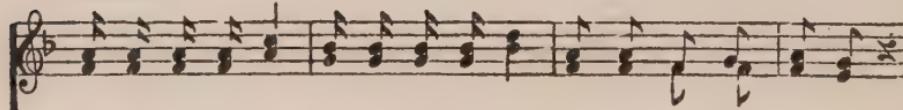
1. Nev-er be a-fraid to speak for Je-sus, Think how much a word can do;
2. Nev-er be a-fraid to work for Je-sus, In his vineyard day by day;
3. Nev-er be a-fraid to bear for Je-sus Keen re-proach-es when they fall;
4. Nev-er be a-fraid to live for Je-sus, If you on His care de-pend;



Nev-er be a-fraid to own your Sav-iour, He who loves and cares for you.
 La-bor with a kind and wil-ling spir-it, He will all your toil re-pay.
 Pa-tient-ly en-dure your ev-'ry tri-al, Je-sus meek-ly bore them all.
 Safely shall you pass thro' ev-'ry tri-al, He will keep you to the end.



CHORUS.



Nev-er be a-fraid, nev-er be a-fraid, Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er;



Je-sus is your lov-ing Sav-iour, There-fore nev-er be a-fraid.



Jesus Wants Us All.

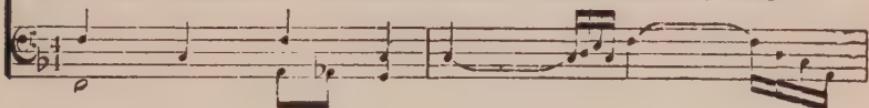
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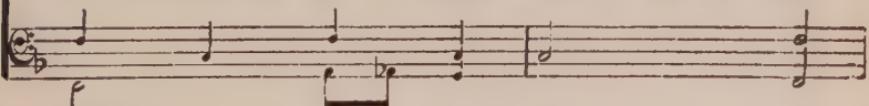
Chas. H. Gabriel.



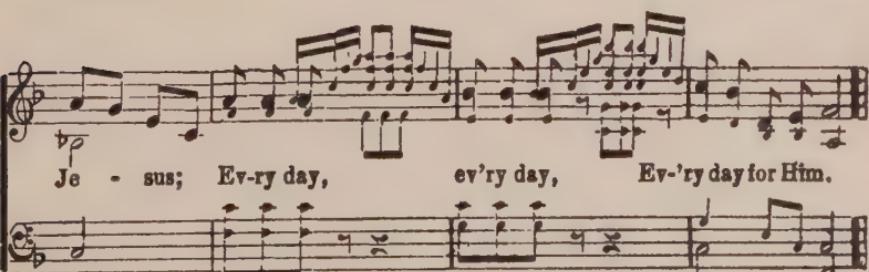
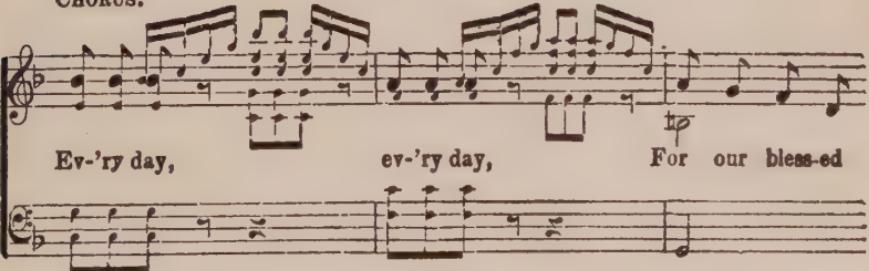
1. Je - sus 1 wants us all to work, 2 Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day;
2. Je - sus 1 wants us all to speak, 3 Gen - tly speak, 3 gen - tly speak; 3
3. Je - sus 1 wants us all to give, 4 Free - ly give, 4 free - ly give; 4
4. Je - sus 1 wants us all to sing, 3 Sweet-ly sing, 3 sweet - ly sing; 3



- Je - sus 1 wants us all to work 2 Ev - 'ry day for Him.
Je - sus 1 wants us all to speak, 3 Gen - tly speak 3 for Him.
Je - sus 1 wants us all to give; 4 Free - ly give 4 for Him.
Je - sus 1 wants us all to sing, 3 Sweet - ly sing for Him.



CHORUS.



1 Point up; 2 Move hands to right and left; 3 Touch lips; 4 Hold hands out.

All We Can.

B. L.

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Haldor Lilleas.

1. On - ly lit - tle hands have we, But we do our best,
 2. On - ly lit - tie feet have we, Walk-ing day by day,
 3. On - ly lit - tle tongues have we, But we will em-ploy
 4. On - ly lit - tie ears have we, But we glad - ly hear
 5. On - ly lit - tle hearts have we, But we free - ly give

We would use them
 Where the Mas-ter
 Them in speak-ing
 That sweet sto - ry
 Them to Je - sus

CHORUS.

for the Lord, He will do the rest.
 lead-eth us In the nar-row way.
 for the Lord--That will be our joy,
 of the love Of our Sav-ior, dear.
 that we may Al-ways for Him live.

All we can we will do, How much

more than that can you do? All we can we will do For the bless-ed Lord.

Jewels.

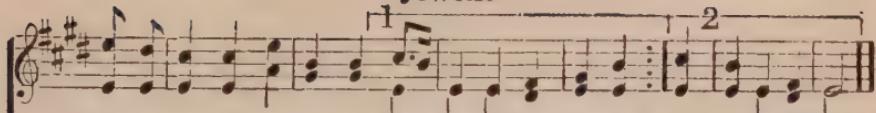
W. O. Cushing.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els,
 { All His jew - els, pre- cious jew - els, His loved and His [Omit...] own.
 2. { He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom;
 { All the pure ones, all the bright ones. His loved and His [Omit...] own.
 3. { Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,
 { Are the jew - els, pre- cious jew - els; His loved and His[Omit...] own.

Jewels.



{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
{ They shall shine in their beauty, [Omit] } Bright gems for His crown.

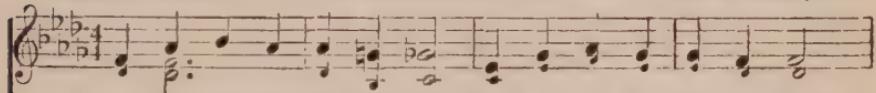
20

Busy For Jesus.

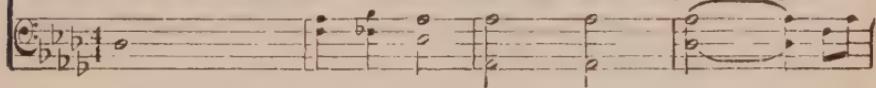
Miriam B. Arnold.

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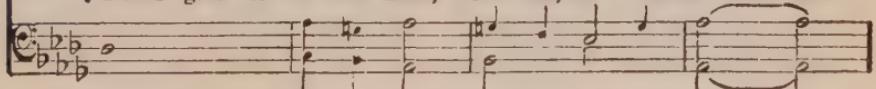
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.



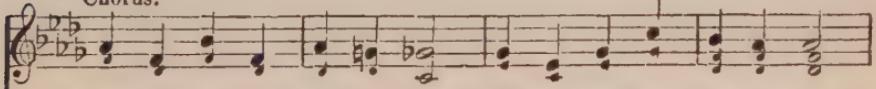
1. Je - sus wants these lit - tle 1 feet, Read - y for His serv - ice sweet;
2. Je - sus wants 3 each lit - tle ear, Quick His words of love to hear,
3. Je - sus wants these lit - tle 5 eyes, Filled with glad - ness from the skies,
4. Je - sus wants this lit - tle 6 heart, Wants it all, not just a part;



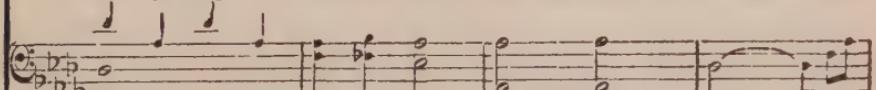
Lit - tle 2 hands He needs you, too, Deeds of love for Him to do.
And these 4 lips to speak and sing, Tell - ing oth - ers of my King.
And to read the Bi - ble, too; There I learn His will to do.
7 Now I give it all to Thee, Je - sus, for You first loved me.



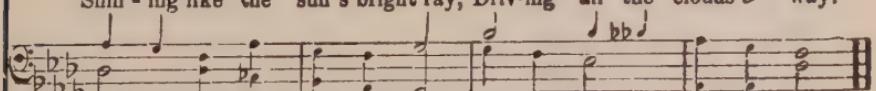
Chorus.



Bus - y may I ev - er be Je - sus dear, in serv-ing Thee;



Shin - ing like the sun's bright ray, Driv-ing all the clouds a - way.



Motions—1 Point to feet; 2 Spread hands; 3 Touch ears; 4 Touch lips; 5 Point to eyes;
6 Place hands on heart; 7 Raise eyes and let two last lines be used as a prayer.

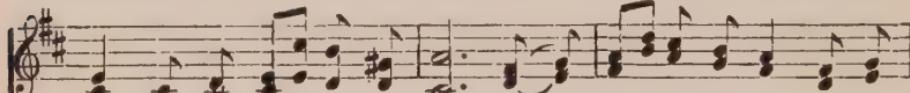
The Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Lake.

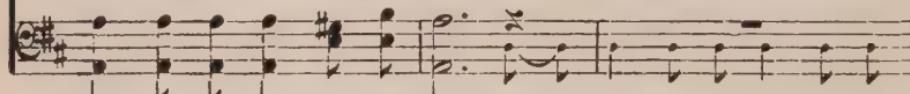
English.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hand had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre-prepare For



Je - sus was here a - mong men; How He called lit - tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me; And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earn - est - ly
all who are washed and for-given; And man - y dear chil-dren are



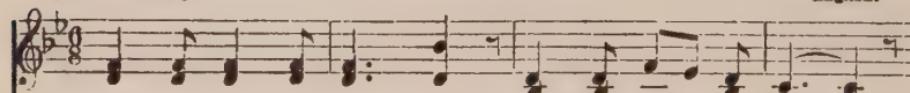
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
gath-er-ing there—"For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."



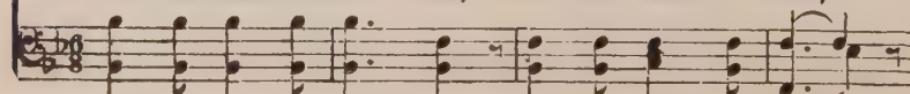
Little Drops of Water.

Julia A. Garney.

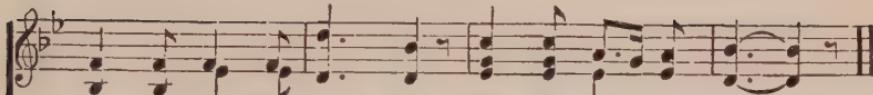
English.



1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble though they be,
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
4. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands,
5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,



Little Drops of Water.



Make the might - y o - cean, And the beau-teous land.
Make the might - y a - ages Of e - ter - ni - ty.
From the paths of vir - tue Oft in sin to stray.
Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in heath-en lands.
Make our earth an E - den, Like the heav'n a - bove.



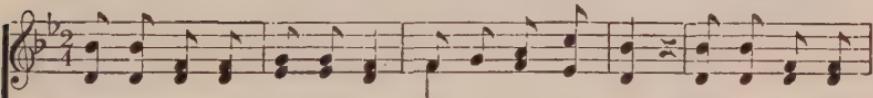
23

R-i-g-h-t, Right.

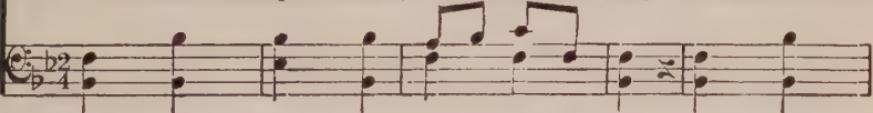
James Rowe.

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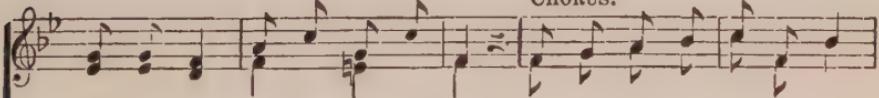
J. H. Fillmore.



1. Je-sus wants us all to live ¹R - i - g - h - t; He would have each
2. If we all o - obey His will, Heed-ing ev - 'ry call, We shall nev - er
3. If we let Him keep our hearts, If His cross we bear, We shall live with



CHORUS.



boy and girl Good and pure to be.
yield to sin, Nev - er, nev - er fall. ²R - i - g - h - t is right,
Him a - bove, And His glo - ry share.



³As you all can see; Je-sus wants us all to live ¹R - i - g - h - t.



NOTE:—This song is for general use. If used in entertainments a group of children may have a banner on which are the letters R I G H T. 1. Point at each letter as sung.
2 Same as 1. 3 Face audience.

As a Shepherd.

Robert Morris, L. L. D.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL, OWNER.

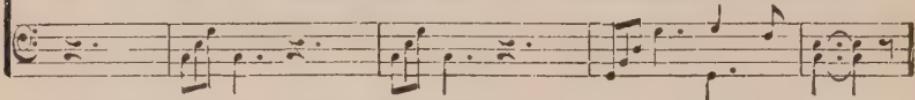
Chas. H. Gabriel, 1874.



1. As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pas-tures they shall go;
2. Near the well of cool-ing wa-ter, In the sul-try noon of day,
3. If up - on the crag - gy moun-tain, A - ny lamb-kins flee a - way,



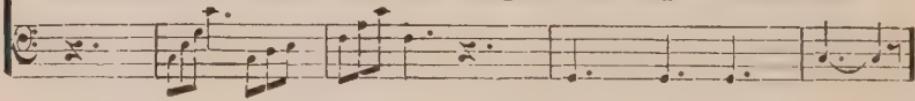
All His bless-ings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be - stow.
Ev - 'ry lit - tie son and daugh-ter, With the gen - tle One shall stay.
Je - sus, from the cool-ing foun-tain, Will o'er take them where they stray,



In His bo - som, when they lan - guish, Pre - cious chil - dren He will take,
Shepherd strong He will de - fend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold;
Will re - store each babe, for - giv - en, From the wild and ston - y waste,



Where no blight, nor sin, nor an - guish An - y sor - row can a - wake.
Shepherd kind, He will at - tend them, Bring them safe - ly to the fold.
And with - in the fold of heav - en Bring the dar - ling home at last.



CHORUS.



As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pas-tures they shall go;



As a Shepherd.

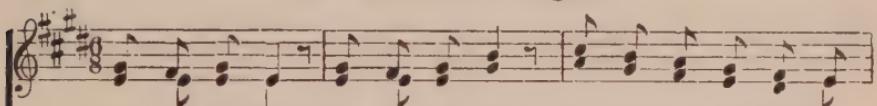


All His bless-ings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be - stow.

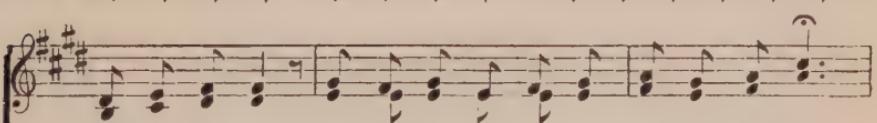


25

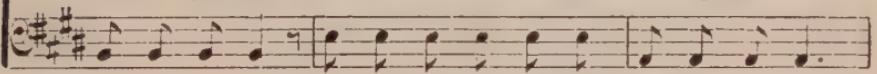
Dare to do Right!



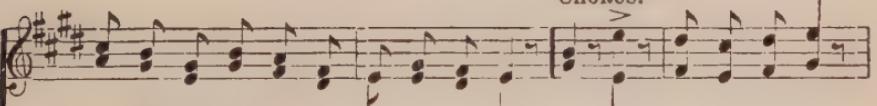
1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no
2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth - er men's fail-ures can
3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre - a - ted you



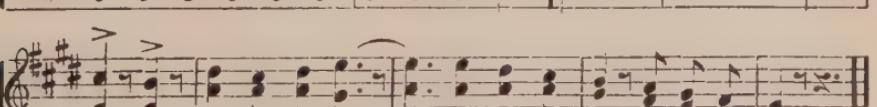
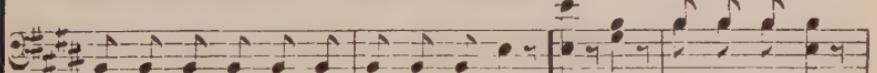
oth - er can do, Do it so brave-ly, so no - bly, so well,
nev - er save you; Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith,
cares for you, too; Treas-ures the tears that His striv - ing ones shed,



CHORUS.



An - gels will has - ten the sto - ry to tell.
Stand like a he - ro, and bat - tie till death. Dare, Dare, Dare to do right!
Counts and pro - tects ev - 'ry hair of your head.



Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true! dare to be true.

Dare,



E. S. Tillotson.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. Rob-in Redbreast, there is something you can tell us; There are ques-tions
 2. Lit - tle chil-dren, I'll be ver - y glad to tell you— For I think you

we would like to ask of you, As you dart among the waving, leaf-y branches,
 all should know as well as I Who it is that plans and makes all living nat-ure,

As you watch those ti-ny precious eggs of blue. Who has taught you how to weave your
 And who teaches all the birds to sing and fly;—For the One who makes the fields, the

nest so tight - ly? How to fast-en it so snug, and safe, and high? And who taught those
 trees and wild-wood, Makes the sun-beams and the glo-ry that they give Is the One who

downy wings to sail so light-ly In the sunshine of the smiling summer sky?
 sends to you the grace of childhood, And who teaches you in hap-pi-ness to live.

Countless Gifts.

E. S. Tillotson.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Can you count the stars in the mid-night sky, As they shine with wondrous
 2. Can you count the leaves in the for - est deep, As they flut - ter in the
 3. Can you count the sands by the shin - ing sea, Where the breaking wa - ters

light? Can you count those cand - les that burn on high, Thro' the watch - es
 breeze? Can you count them all as the sunbeams creep Thro' those stately
 glide? Can you count each grain by the waves let free, At the ebb - ing

CHORUS.

of the night? Countless as the stars, count-less as the stars,
 groves of trees? Countless as the leaves, count-less as the leaves,
 of the tide? Countless as the sands, count-less as the sands,

Are the gifts of God a - bove; Countless as the stars,
 Are the gifts of God a - bove; Countless as the leaves,
 Are the gifts of God a - bove; Countless as the sands,

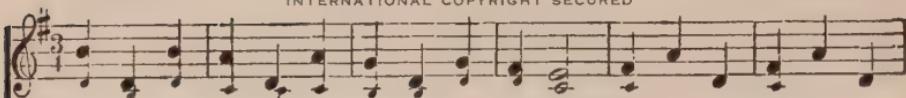
count-less as the stars, Are the Fa - ther's gifts of love.
 count-less as the leaves, Are the Fa - ther's gifts of love.
 count-less as the sands, Are the Fa - ther's gifts of love.

Swing, Little Blossoms.

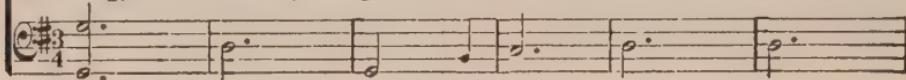
Ida L. Reed.

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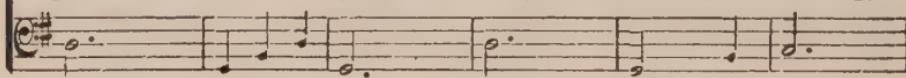
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Swing, lit-tle blos-soms, the sun-shine is fall-ing In - to your gold-en hearts;
2. Swing, lit-tle blos-soms, the sun-beams and shad-ows Are play-ing at hide and
3. Swing, lit-tle blos-soms, each gold-en heart lift-ing, Filled with the morn-ing light



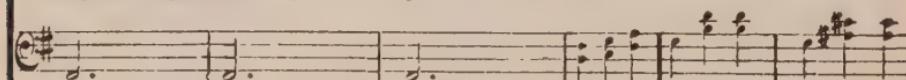
dew - y and sweet, Lift up your heads, lo, the warm winds are call - ing,
seek, hap-py and free, Flit the wild birds, as they sing, o'er the mead-ows,
gemmed with the dew, High, high a - bove you the white clouds are drift-ing,



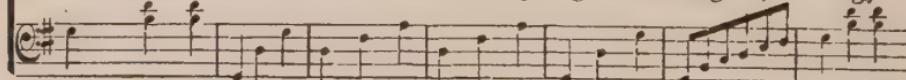
CHORUS.



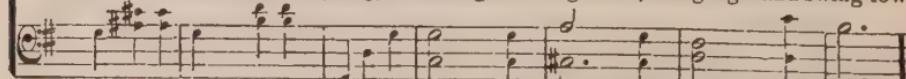
As they sweep o'er you with joy - ful wings fleet.
Songs of thanks-giv - ing as glad as can be. Swing, swing,
May-time's glad glo - ry ar - rays earth a - new.



lit-tle blos-soms, swing, As'neath the sunshine your golden hearts glow, Swing,



swing, little blossoms, swing, Breathing love's fragrance, swing high and swing low.

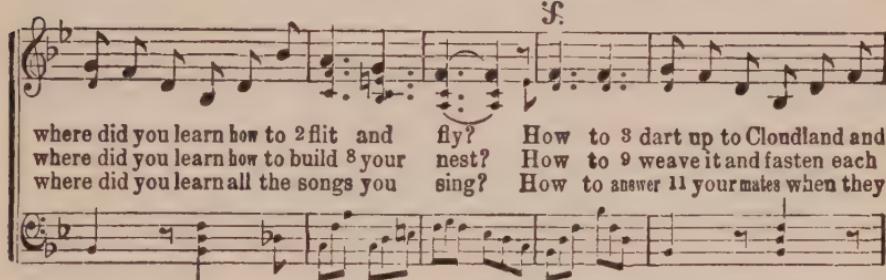
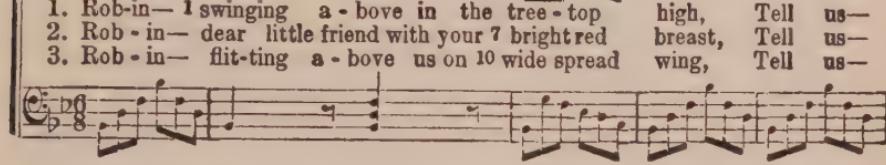
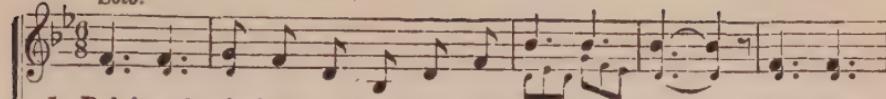


*Motion song for a group of children. each swinging in unison a cluster of flowers.
Words suggest motions.

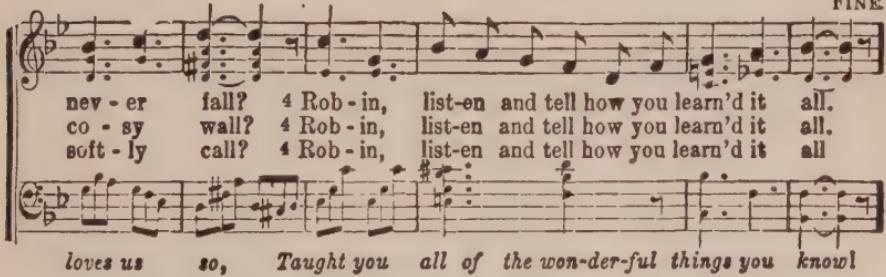
To the Robin.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.
Solo.

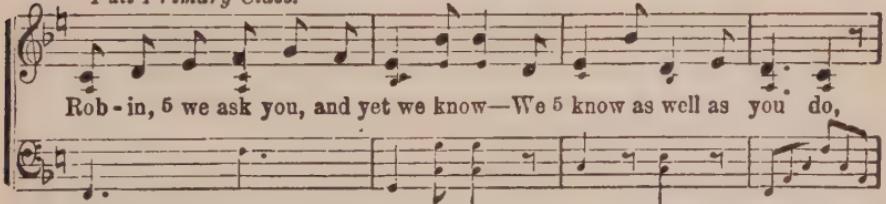
B. D. ACKLEY.



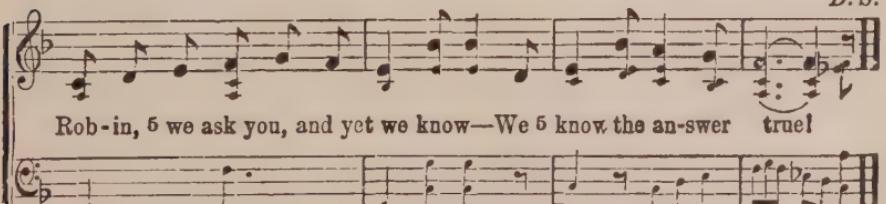
FINE



Full Primary Class.



D.S.



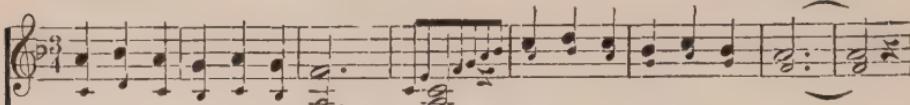
MOTIONS—1. Raise hands, wave to and fro. 2. Fingers flitting. 3. One hand raised high. 4. Look up, hands out-stretched as if looking at bird in tree. 5. With finger pointing (eyes up) keep time to music. 6. Both hands reaching up, look up. 7. Hands on breast. 8. Hands together like nest. 9. Imitate weaving with fingers moving in circle. 10. Arms spread out. 11. Look from side to side.

God Made the Flowers.

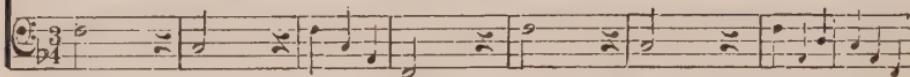
R. M. Bronner.

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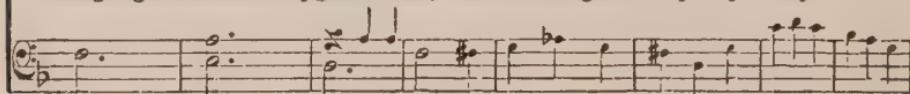
Chas. H. Gabriei.



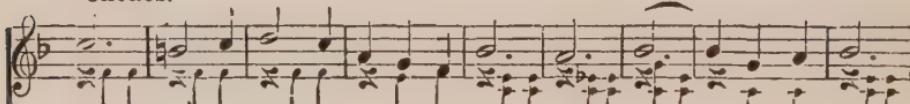
1. List to the voice of the flow - ers, Mes-seng-ers wor-thy and true;
2. Bringing the love that He sends us, Shin - ing in each ti - ny face;
3. Nod-ding to us in the breez - es, Breathing their sweetness a-way;



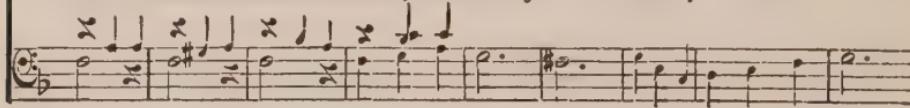
Com-ing from Je-sus, our Sav - ior, Sent here to me and to you.
Tell - ing the peace and con-tent-ment Found in His own sav - ing grace.
Bring-ing our heart sev - ry glad - ness, And cheer-ing us day by day.



CHORUS.



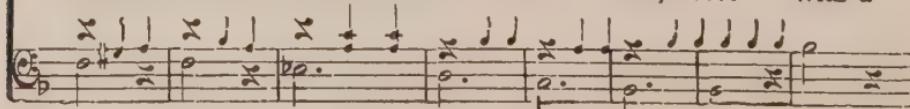
God made the summer flowers, that to-day we twine, With a mes-



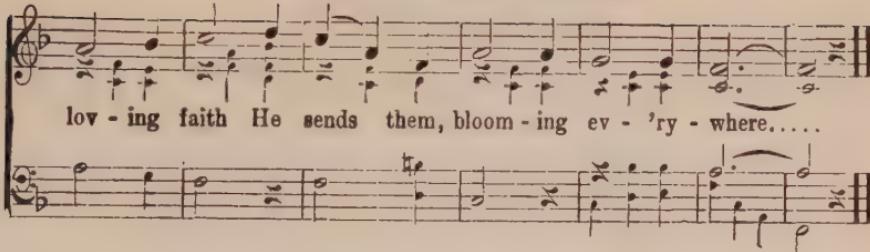
sage in each blos-som from His lips di - vine.... God



made the sum - mer flow'r's trusted to our care,..... With a



God Made the Flowers.



31

Brave and True.

James Lowe.

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Haldor Lilleas.

A musical score for 'Brave and True' in G major. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The lyrics encourage bravery and truth in the face of challenges. The score includes three staves of music and lyrics.

CHORUS.

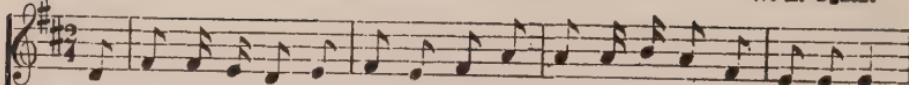
A musical score for the chorus of 'Brave and True' in G major. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The chorus lyrics are 'B-r-a-v-e, brave, T-r-u-e, true; Brave and true we wish to be each day; Don't you?' The score includes two staves of music and lyrics.

Two Little Hands.

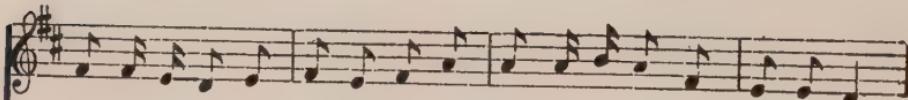
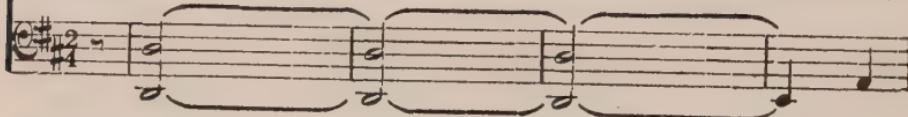
W. A. O.

USED BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK.

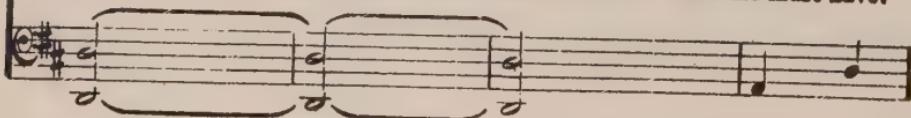
W. A. Ogden.



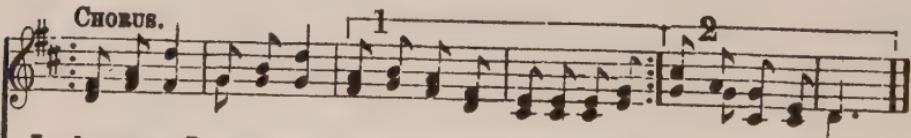
1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je - sus, One little tongue Hispraise to tell,
2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the path-way Up to the heav'ly courts a-bove;
3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for Him to save,



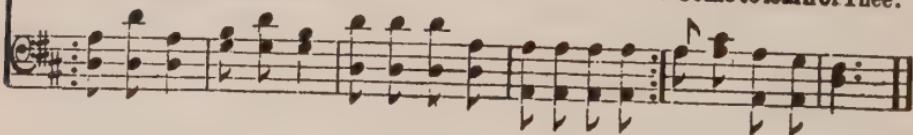
Two lit-tle ears to hear His coun-sel, One lit-tle voice a song to swell.
 Two lit-tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love.
 One lit-tle life for His dear ser-vice, One lit-tle self that He must have.



CHORUS.



Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our childhood's early morning, }
 Lord, we come, Lord, we come, } Come to learn of Thee.



The Divine Healer.

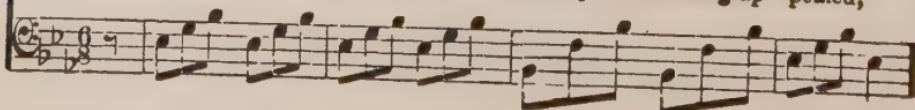
S. J. B.

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Sarah J. Beasley.



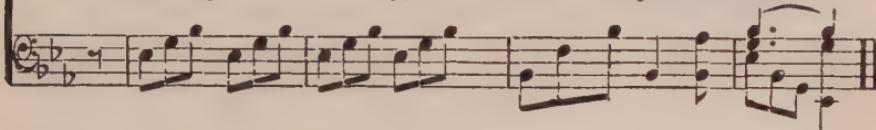
1. They bro't their sick to Je - sus, And cast them down low at His feet;
2. They bro't their blind to Je - sus, Scarce hop-ing, yet long-ing for sight;
3. They bro't their deaf to Je - sus, Who voic-es of loved ones ne'er heard;
4. They bro't their dumb to Je - sus, The mute lips for heal-ing ap - pealed;



The Divine Healer.



He healed all their dis-eas - es With a touch, and a look so sweet.
One touch, one word, and dark-ness Had fled by His pow'r and might.
How changed was their condi - tion, When He ten-der-ly spoke the word.
And by His grace and mer - cy, The foun-tain of speech un - sealed.



34

Trusting Jesus.

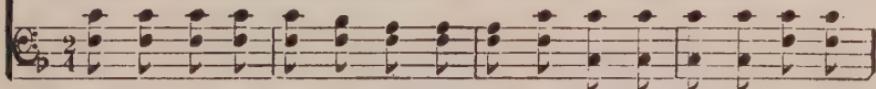
Frances Smith.

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J. H. Fillmore.

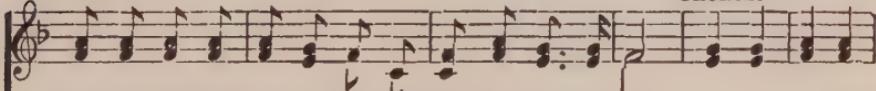


1. We're a band of hap - py chil-dren, Trust-ing Je - sus, trust-ing Je - sus,
2. Zi - on's hill we're brave-ly climb-ing, Trust-ing Je - sus, trust-ing Je - sus,
3. Naught can fright us, naught can harm us, Trust-ing Je - sus, trust-ing Je - sus,

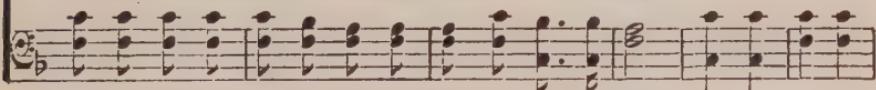


D.C. - We're a band of hap - py chil-dren, Trust-ing Je - sus, trust-ing Je - sus,

CHORUS.

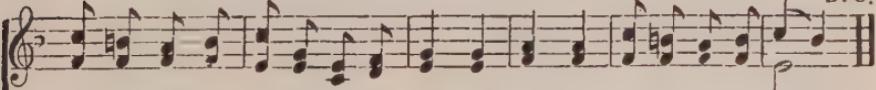


On the path that leads to heav-en; Trust-ing all the way.
Guid-ed by our glo-ri-ous Cap-tain, Trust-ing all the way. Trust-ing, trusting,
As we march be-neath His ban-ner, Trust-ing all the way.



On the path that leads to heav-en, Trust-ing all the way.

D. C.



Trust-ing Him to lead us safe-ly, Trust-ing, trust-ing, Trust-ing all the way.



The Moon Song.

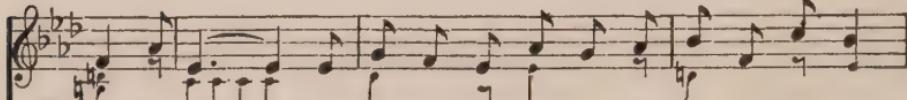
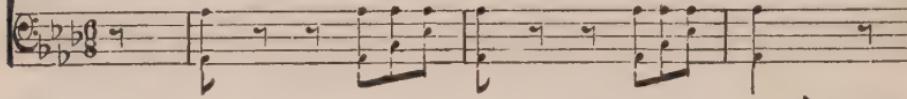
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

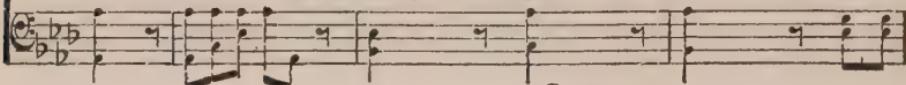
Ida M. Budd.



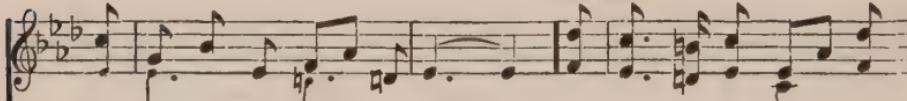
1. Such a pret-ty round moon hung up in the sky On - ly the
 2. There are whole lots of stars that twin-kle and wink, But they don't
 3. I should like to know where that moon went when it stopped Shin-ing so
 4. But this lit-tle, thin moon will grow, mamma says, Till in a



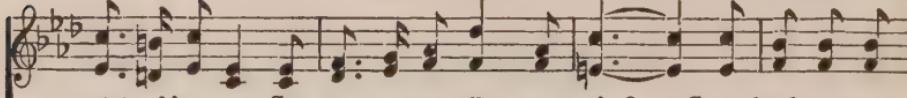
oth - er night, But now in its place is a thin lit-tle shell,
 give much light, I like the moon bet-ter be-cause when it shines
 round and plain; Per-haps it was tir-ed and need-ed to rest,
 week or two 'Twill shine just as bright as the oth-er one did,



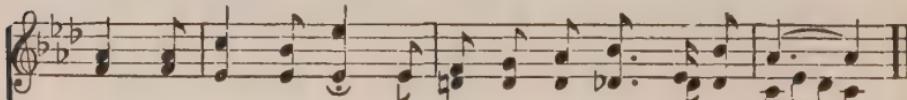
CHORUS.



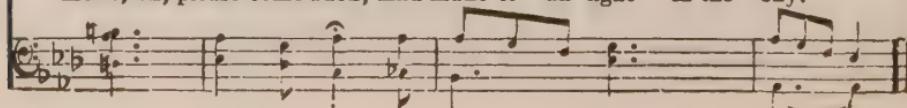
Not a - ny-where near so bright.
 I'm nev-er a - fraid at night. It's hid - den a - way - the
 Be - fore it could shine a - gain.
 Oh! then I'll be glad, won't you?



pre-ty, big moon - Can a - ny-one tell me why? Come back, pretty



moon, oh, please come back, And make it all light in the sky.

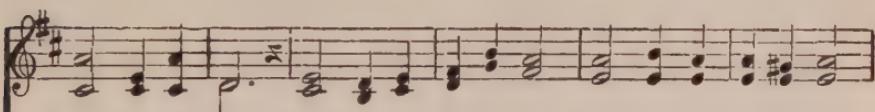


Kind Words.

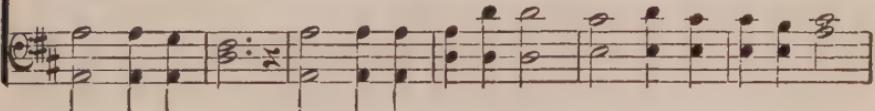
Abby Hutchinson.



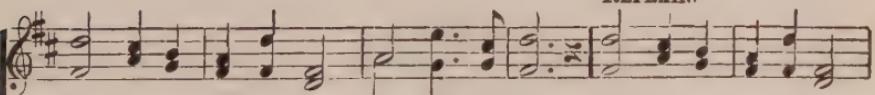
1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cher-ish'd and blest; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweettho'ts can nev-er die, Tho' like the flow'rs Their brightest hues may fly
3. True love can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We all may si-lent lie,



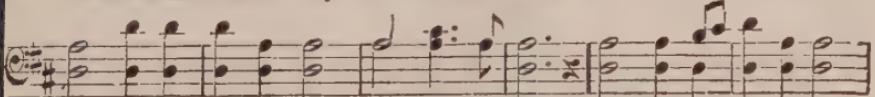
Stored in the breast, Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,—
In win-t'ry hours: But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapp'd in its gloom; Tho' mor-tal flesh de-cay, There comes a glo-rious day,



REFRAIN.



Yes, in all years and climes, Dis-tant or near. Kind words can nev-er die,
With many an ad-ded hue They bloom a-gain. Sweettho'ts can nev-er die,
When dust shall soar a-way To Christ a-bove. True love can nev-er die,



Nev-er die, nev-er die; Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die; Sweettho'ts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die; True love can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.



What They May Do.

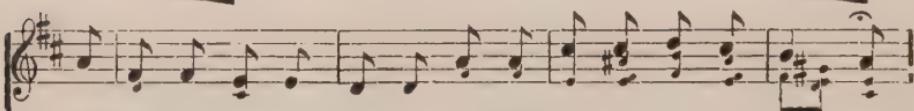
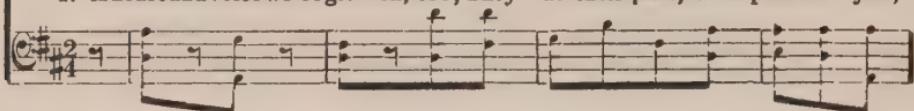
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Eleanor Allen Schroll.

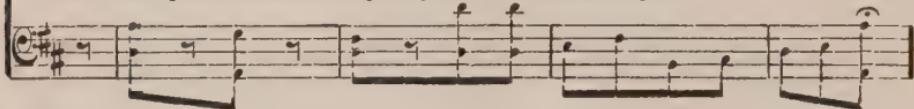
Chas. H. Gabriel.



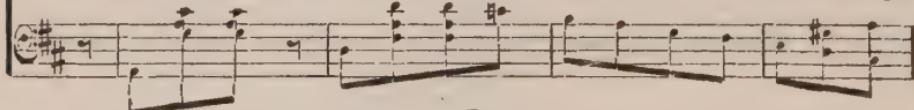
1. A goodrighthand, a left one, too, We'll raise them high and show to you.
2. A goodright foot, a left one, too, May do their part, we'll prove to you;
3. A pair of eyes were giv - en, too, To do their part, we'll prove to you,-
4. A heartand voice we'regiv - en, too, They do their part, we'll prove to you;-



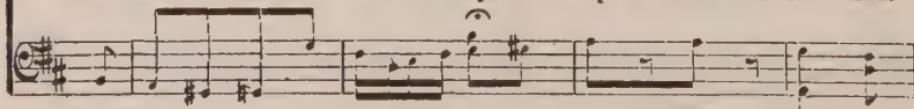
We'll tell you now what they may do, What they may do for Je - sus:-



May car - ry gifts to those in need, The poor and hun - gry help to feed,
May walk the nar - row path each day, And leave some footprints in the way,
May read His gos - pel care - ful - ly, These lips pro - claim the mes - sage free,
The voice may sing the Mas - ter's praise, The tongue pro - claim His wondrous ways,



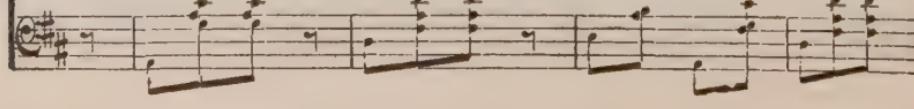
Or lift the load and try to lead Some err - ing one to Je - sus.
To point back those who go a-stray, And help the cause of Je - sus.
Till thro' our eyes the world shall see The joy of serv - ing Je - sus.
The heart be His thro' end - less days To help the cause of Je - sus.



CHORUS.



This they may do, We'll use them, too, To help the cause of Je - sus;



What They May Do.

So we will try, Just you and I, To help the cause of Je-sus.

38

The Raindrops.

R. S. Tillotson.

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THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

B. D. Ackley.

1. See the lit - tle rain-drops, falling, falling, On each pret-ty thirst-y flower,
2. Down they hast-en, gai - ly, falling, falling, Rushing to the brook-let's brink,
3. Do the lit - tle rain-drops, falling, falling, Bring a joy to some-one's heart,

They have heard the blossoms calling, calling, "Come for we need a shower."
For they heard its sweet voice calling, calling, "Come, for I need a drink."
When they hear the voic - es calling, calling, Down from the clouds they start.

CHORUS.

Bus - y lit-tle raindrops, precious little raindrops, Happy lit-tle raindrops, they,

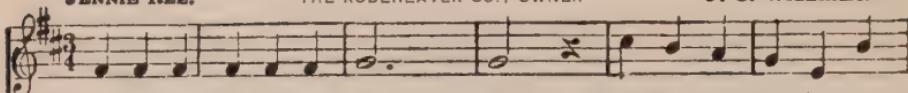
Bringing health and pleasure, blessings without measure, All on a rain-y day.

Sunbeams and Raindrops.

JENNIE REE.

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J. C. WILLIAMS.



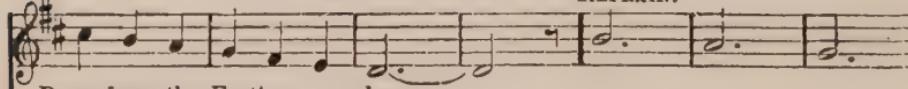
1. Sunbeams and rain-drops are jew - - els Sparkling with bless-ing and
 2. Sunbeams to col-or the ros - - es, Raindrops the flow'rs to re-
 3. Sunbeams and rain-drops un-ceas - ing, Pre - cious be - yond all com-



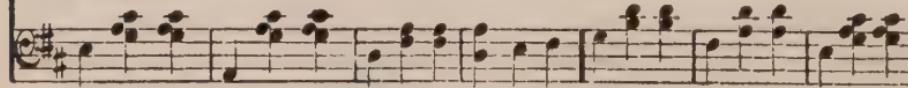
love,..... Sent with a mes-sage of glad - ness
 new,..... Each on an er-and of mer - - cy,
 pare,..... Gleaming and glit-t'ring a-round us,



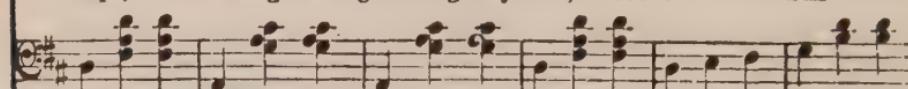
REFRAIN.



Down from the Fa-ther a - bove.....
 Each with a la-bor to do..... Sun - beams, rain-
 Sun-beams of in - fi - nite care.....



..... drops, Gleaming and glit-t'ring they fall,..... Sun-



..... beams, rain - drops, Show-ing His goodness to all.



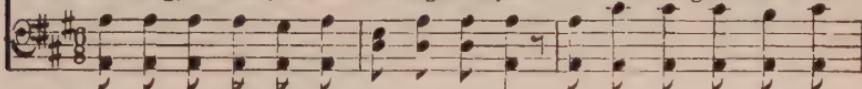
Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh.



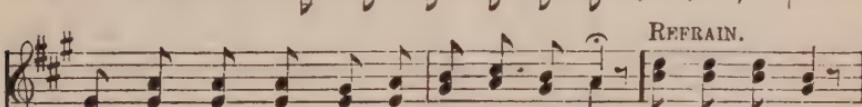
1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un - to me the good
 3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
 4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for



close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car-ried, said he;
 ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?
 val - ley of death, "God sent His Son!" "who-so - ev - er?" said He;
 me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,



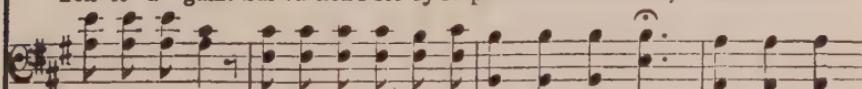
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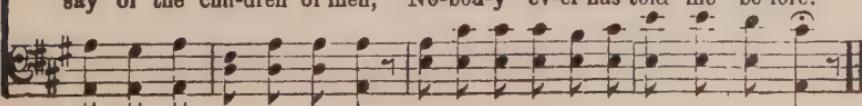
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" Tell it a - gain!
 "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
 "Lord I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



Tell it a - gain! Sal-va-tion's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can



say of the chil-dren of men, "No-bod - y ev - er has told me be-fore."



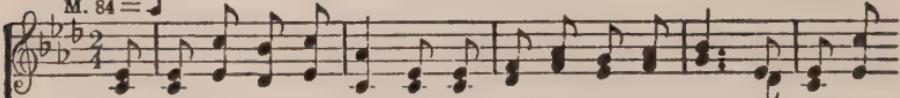
Little Feet, Be Careful.

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman.

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J. H. Rosecrans.

M. 84 =



1. I washed my hands this morn-ing, O ver - y clean and white, And lent them
2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close-ly all day thro', For an - y
3. My eyes are set to watch them A-bout their work or play, To keep them

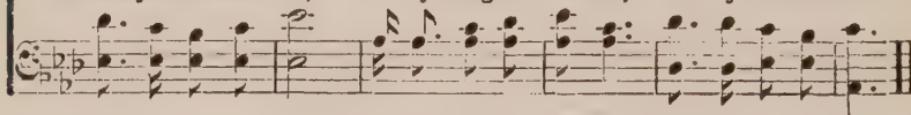
CHORUS.



both to Je-sus, To work for Him till night.
act of kind-ness, Such lit-tle hands can do. Lit-tle feet be care-ful,
cut of mis-chief, For Je-sus' sake all day.



Where you tak-me to, A - ny-thing for Je-sus, On - ly let me do.

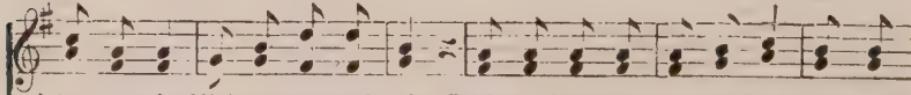
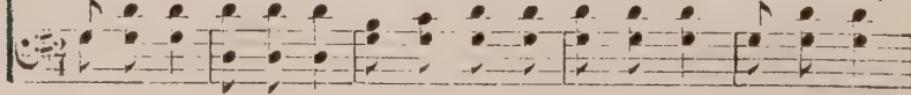


Sweetly Sing.

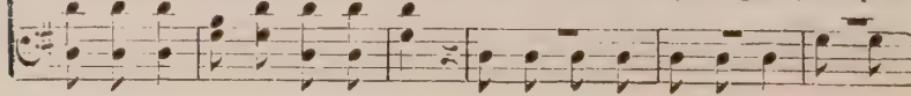
Miss J. W. Sampson.



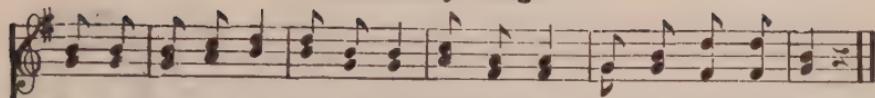
1. Sweet-lysing, sweet-ly sing, Prais-es to our heav'n-ly King; Let us raise,
2. Au-gelsbright, an-gelsbright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant His praise,
3. Far a-way, far a-way, We in sin's dark val-ley lay, Je-sus came,



let us raise High our notes of praise; Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to
chant His praise, In me-lo-dious lays; But from that bright, happy throng, Ne'er can
Je-sus come, Bless-ed be His name; He re-deem'd us by His grace, Then pre-



Sweetly Sing.



Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thankful tongues, come this sweetest song, "Pard'ning love, pard'ning love, Brought us here a - bove." par'd in heav'n a place To re-ceive, to re - ceive, All who will be - lieve.

43

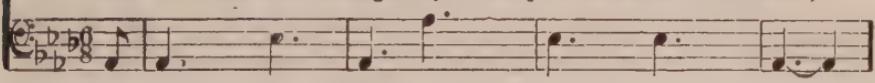
This Love So Free.

M. M. J.

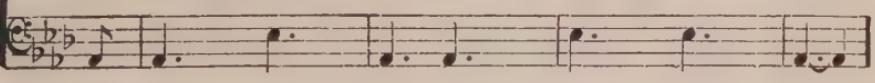
Mark M. Jones.



1. How tender-ly Je - sus loves us, With love so pure and free,
2. His love so free-ly giv - en, Was pur-chased with the blood,
3. Be -neath that pur - ple foun-tain, That flows from Je - sus' side,
4. And now the Sav - ior begs us, This pre - cious love re - ceive,



Down from His throne a - bove us, It comes to you and me, That from His dear side riv - en, Pours forth a sav - ing flood Down o - ver Calvary's mountain, We safe - ly may a - bide And all that it will cost us, Is sim - ply to be - lieve



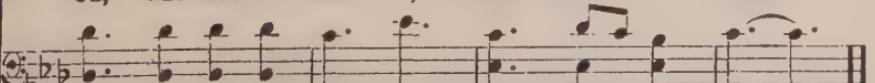
CHORUS.



Oh, who can con - ceive it, Oh, who can be - lieve it,



Oh, who will re - ceive it, This love so free?



My Rose of Sharon.

R. M. Bronner.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There is a Rose that blooms for me, In ev - 'ry land, on
 2. There is a Hope that knows no fear That fills my heart with
 3. There is a Hand to which I cling A hand di - vine in

ev - 'ry sea; Its fra-grance, sweet, will fol - low me Un - til I
 love and cheer; And shines a - bove the dark - est way, That leads me
 ev - 'ry thing; Its safe pro-tec-tion e'er with be The on - ly

CHORUS.

reach e - ter - ni - ty.
 on to heav - en's day. Rose of Sha -
 guide to heav-en for me.

ron, my beau - ti-ful Rose of Sha - ron; Safe - ly in

Thee for - ev - er I'll hid - ing be; Close

My Rose of Sharon.

to Thy heart, Oh, sweet-est of all the ros - es, My
Rose of Sha - ron, still bloom - ing for me.

45

Jesus' Love.

P. F. C.

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Pauline Frances Camp.

1 2

1. { A lit - tle spring with - in my heart, Is bub - bling all day long; } song;
It oft - en trick - les to my tongue, In lov - ing words and
2. { It makes me bet - ter ev - 'ry day, It makes me hap - py too; } true.
{ It wash - es all my sin a - way, And keeps me kind and
3. { If you would like to have one too, Your lit - tle life to bless; } yes.
Ask Je - sus if He'll give you one, I know He will say

CHORUS.

This lit - tle spring is Je - sus' love, So full and free, For you, for me;

rit.

This lit - tle spring is Je - sus' love, Je - sus' love, Je - sus' love.

I Belong to Him.

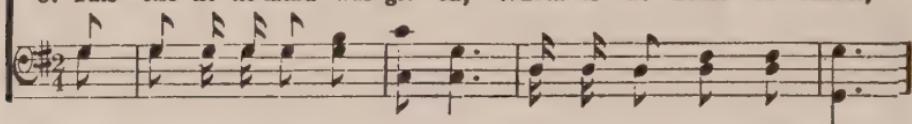
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B.

F. E. Belden.



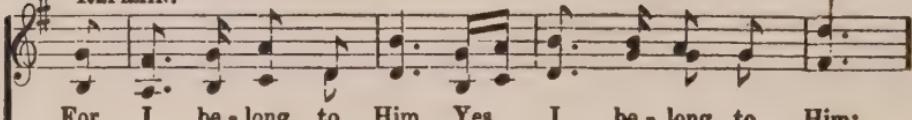
1. These two lit-tle hands were giv-en, Wheth-er at work or play,
2. These two lit-tle feet were giv-en, Will-ing-ly to o-beay,
3. These two lit-tle lips were giv-en, On-ly kind words to say,
4. These two lit-tle ears were giv-en, Nev-er to try and hear
5. These two lit-tle eyes were giv-en, Nev-er to look at wrong,
6. This one lit-tle mind was giv-en, Wheth-er at home or school,



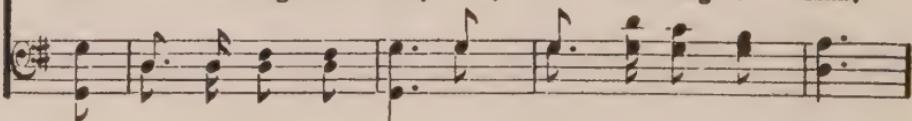
To do lit-tle things for Je-sus, Thro' all this day.
 And has-ten on lov-ing er-rands, Thro' all this day.
 And nev-er to talk of e-vil, Thro' all this day.
 Bad words that are some-times spo-ken, To play-mates dear.
 But stud-y the words of Je-sus; This makes me strong.
 To gov-ern my lit-tle bod-y, By the Gold-en Rule.



REFRAIN.

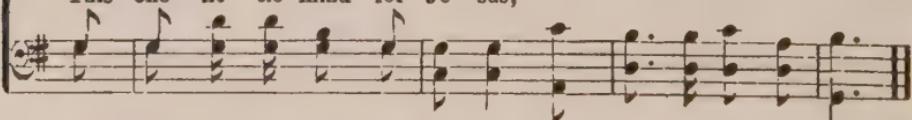


For I be-long to Him, Yes, I be-long to Him;



These two lit-tle —* for Je-sus, For I be-long to Him.
 (Sixth Stanza.)

This one lit-tle mind for Je-sus,



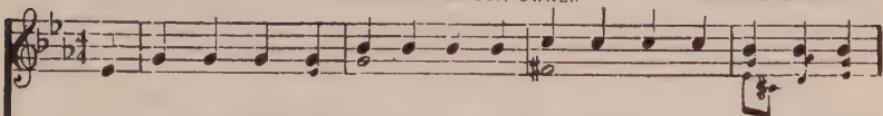
*Children may be taught to present hands, look at feet, touch lips, ears, eyes, and head as each is referred to in the song. For chorus, use in succession the words marked.

In Peaceful Silence.

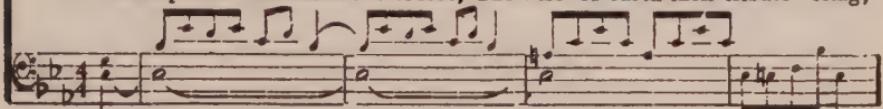
Lizzie DeArmond.

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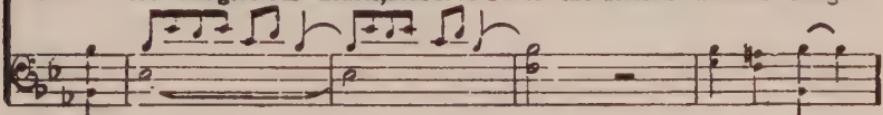
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. In peace-ful sil - ence¹lay the world, The night winds²swept o'er plain and hill,
 2. Now¹slumbers sweet the ho - ly Child, With-in the town of ⁸Beth - le-hem,
 3. The shepherds¹¹kneel before His feet, The wise of earth their tribute¹²bring,



Where shepherds stood with ³watchful care, The ⁴Jordan waves were hush'd and still.
 One star shines bright ⁹a - bove His head, 'Tis ¹⁰heaven's royal di - a - dem.
 We too will give our ¹³hearts, dear love Un-to the blessed Sav-ior King.



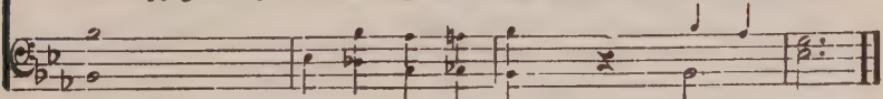
CHORUS.



⁵Hark! a strain of joy and gladness, An - gel hosts the ⁶sky-way throng,



⁷"Glo - ry, glo - ry in the highest!" Rings their loud ex - ult - ant song.



Eleven girls dressed in white, loose robes, a band of silver paper, or strands of silver tinsel around head, and wearing white stockings. White slippers can be worn if desired.
 GESTURES. — 1. Fold hands, lay left cheek upon them, and close eyes 2. Describe a semi-circle outwards with right hand. 3. Bend forward slightly, shading eyes with right hand. 4. Bow heads and fold hands across breast. 5. Bend forward slightly and raise index finger of right hand as if to enforce silence. 6. Raise right hand, move it slightly from left to right. 7. Hold hands up and look up. 8. Point upward. 9. Hold right hand, palm downward, over head. 10. Point up. 11. Kneel. 12. Hold right hand out. Lay right hand on heart. 13. Fold hands across breast and look up.

I'm Not Too Young.

Will A. Harry.

1. I'm not too young for God to see, He knows my na-ture too, And
 2. He lis-ten-s to the words I say, He knows the tho'ts with-in; And
 3. Thus, when in-clined to do a-miss, Tho' pleas-ant it may be, I'll

all day long He looks at me, And sees my ac-tions thro' and thro'.
 wheth-er I'm at work or play, He's sure to see me if I sin.
 al-ways try to think of this, I'm not too young for God to see.

Little Heralds.

David J. Beattie.

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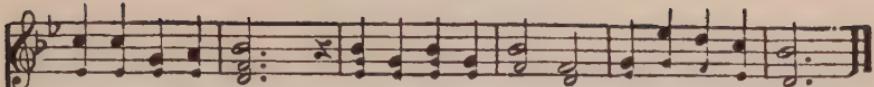
T. R. Allen.

(All) 1. We are lit-tle her-alds, March-ing thro' the land, Bear-ing joy-ful
 (Boys) 2. "Je-sus" is our watch-word, As we on-ward go; With His ban-ner
 (Girls) 3. He is ev-er faith-ful, Good and kind and true; And He watch-es
 (All) 4. Joined in love to - geth - er, Hearts made pure and free; In this world of

CHORUS.

ti - dings, At our King's com-mand. o'er us, We will fear no foe. Join with ours your voic - es—
 o'er us, What-so-e'er we do. dark - ness, Joy - ful lights we'll be.

Little Heralds.



Let earth's kingdoms ring, Loud with endless prais-es, Unto Christ our King.

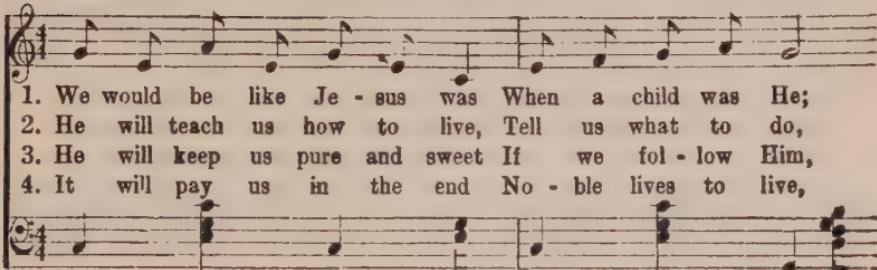
50

Just Like Jesus.

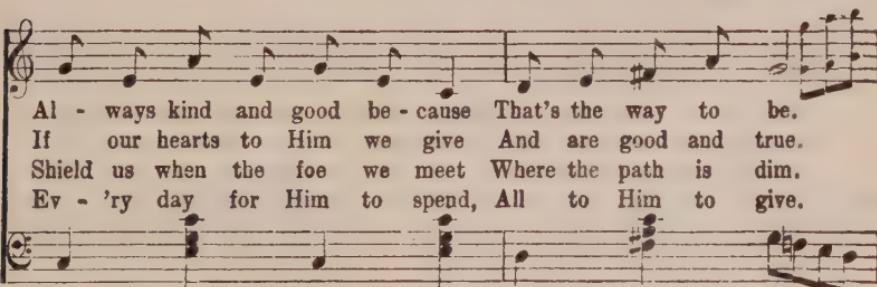
James Rowe.

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Haldor Lillenes.

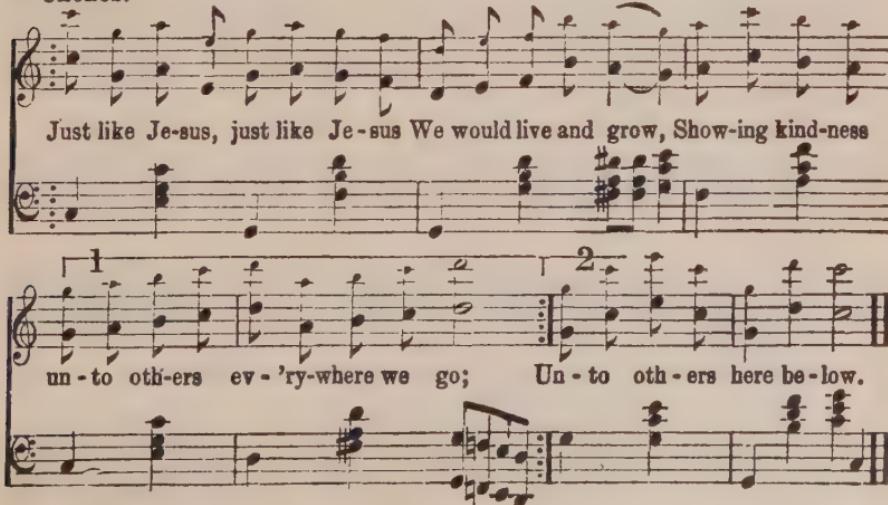


1. We would be like Je - sus was When a child was He;
2. He will teach us how to live, Tell us what to do,
3. He will keep us pure and sweet If we fol - low Him,
4. It will pay us in the end No - ble lives to live,



Al - ways kind and good be - cause That's the way to be.
If our hearts to Him we give And are good and true.
Shield us when the foe we meet Where the path is dim.
Ev - 'ry day for Him to spend, All to Him to give.

CHORUS.



Just like Je-sus, just like Je-sus We would live and grow, Show-ing kind-ness

un - to oth - ers ev - 'ry-where we go; Un - to oth - ers here be - low.

Sleep, Sleep.

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Rev. A. T. Ackley.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Je - sus the meek and mild, Came as a lit - tle child;
2. Gift from a - bove, the Best; Child, by the Fa - ther blest;
3. Humbly we wor - ship Thee, Prince of E - ter - ni - ty,

Beth-le-ham's man-ger crad-led the stran-ger, King-by His own re - viled.
Watch o'er Thy sleeping, an-gels are keep-ing, Naught shall disturb Thy rest.
My heart is seek-ing, Thy care and keep-ing, En-ter and dwell with me.

QUARTET CHORUS. (Melody in Tenor.)

Sleep,.. sleep,.. An - gels are sing - ing Thy slum - ber song;
Child so ho - ly, King so low - ly, Wor-ship and hon - or to Thee be - long;

Sleep,.. sleep,.... Heav-en - ly rest be Thine,
Child so ho - ly, King so low - ly,

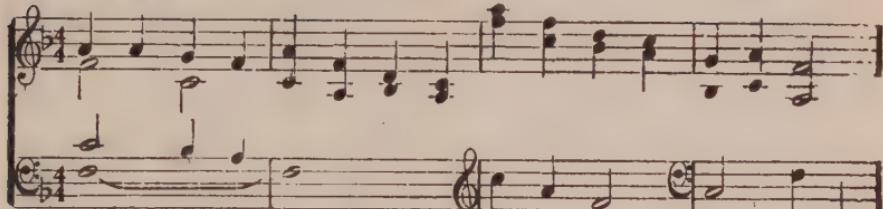
Child so ho - ly, sleep,... Sleep lit - tle child Di - vine....
Sleep,... King so low - ly.

We Love the Bible.

Rev. W. G. Martin.

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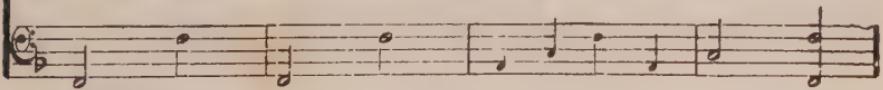
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. How we love the dear old sto - ry Of the Book so bright with truth!
2. In the days of youth we need it, Just as old - er peo - ple do;
3. From this Book we learn how Jé - sus Loves us while we're young and small;



Book of grace, and book of glo - ry, Book of wis - dom for our youth.
And we dear - ly love to read it, With its mes - sage, grand and true.
How He looks from heav'n and sees us— So we love it best of all.



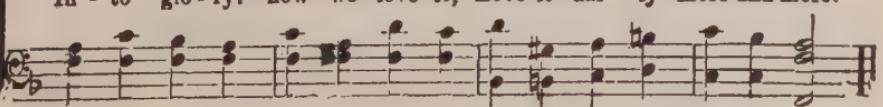
CHORUS.



So we love it, O we love it, For it is the gold - en door



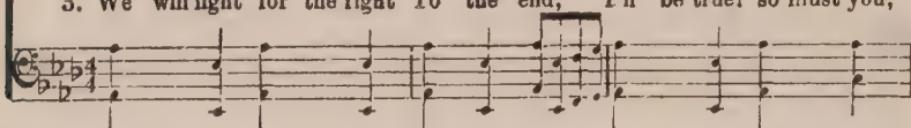
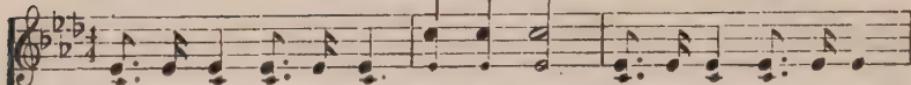
In - to glo - ryl how we love it, Love it dai - ly more and more.



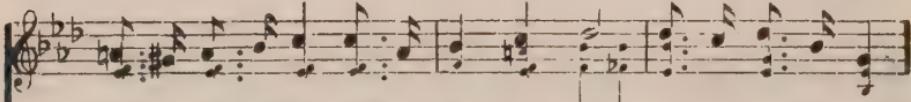
The King's Brigade.

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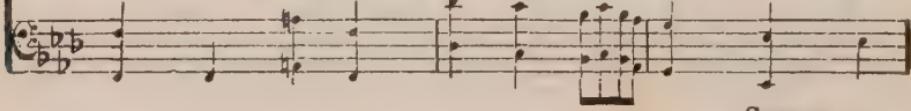
Chas. H. Gabriel.



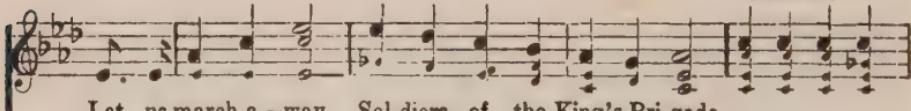
At His call; 'Tis the King's command; We must all o - bey;
 Let us sing, Let us make Him known As we march a - long;
 To our Friend; Till His flag un-furled Is on ev - 'ry height



We must no - bly stand For the true to - day; In His serv-ice grand
 Let our faith be shown To the world - ly throng; Cheer the sad and lone
 And the foe is hurled From our land so bright! To re-deem the world



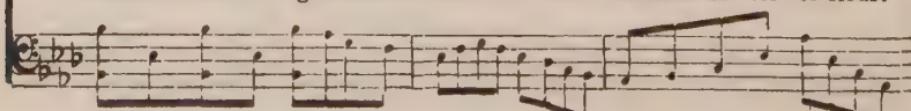
CHORUS.



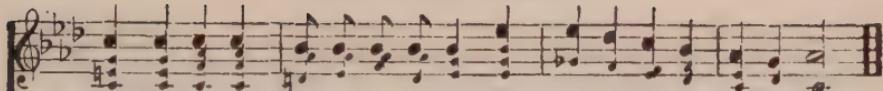
Let us march a - way, Sol-diers of the King's Bri-gade.
 With a hap - py song, Sol-diers of the King's Bri-gade. Onward, forward
 We must bold-ly fight, Sol-diers of the King's Bri-gade.



with the Lead - er glor-i-ous! Fol-low Je - sus! we shall be vic - to-ri-ous!



The King's Brigade.



For-ward ev-er, let us fal-ter nev-er, Sol-diers of the King's Bri-gade.

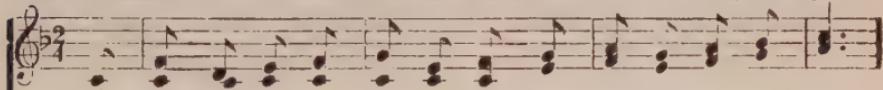
54

Jack Frost.

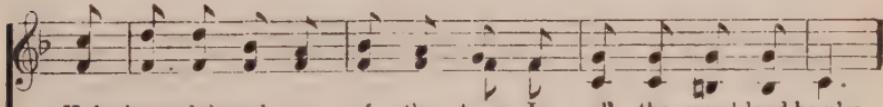
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E. S. Tillotson.

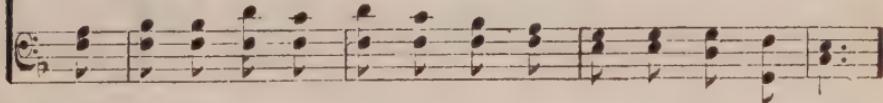
Lloyd Teal.



1. Jack Frost has been a-round a-gain; He's snipped the sum-mer flow'rs,
2. He's turned the trees that once were green, To red and gold and brown,
3. He loves to pinch our ros-y cheeks, Our fin-gers and our toes,



He's changed the col-or of the trees In all the wood-land bow'rs.
And then he's called the wild-est wind To come and shake them down.
He's full of mis-chief and of fun As ev'-ry bod-y knows.



CHORUS.

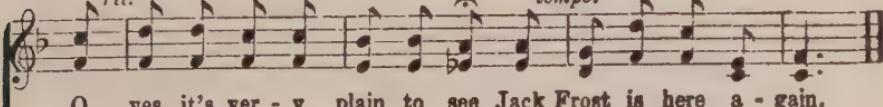


Jack Frost is here a-gain, Jack Frost is here a-gain,



rit.

tempo.



O yes, it's ver-y plain to see Jack Frost is here a-gain.



The Cobbler's Song.

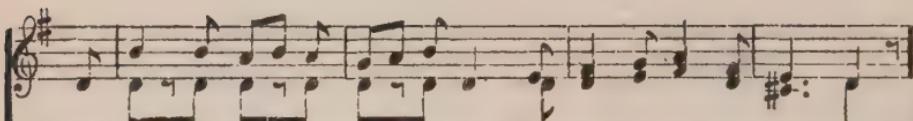
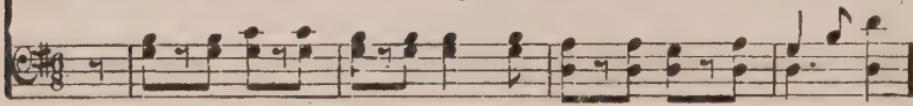
Eleanor Allen Schroll

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J. H. Fillmore.



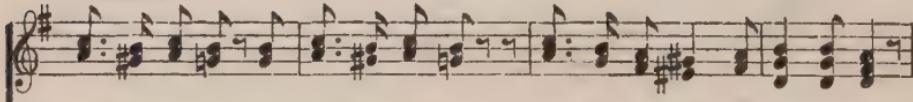
1. The cob - bler sings a mer - ry song As o'er his task he's bend - ing;
2. The cob - bler loves his sim - ple craft, Al-tho' of hum - ble sta - tion;
3. The cob - bler is con - tent al - way, And this is just the rea - son;



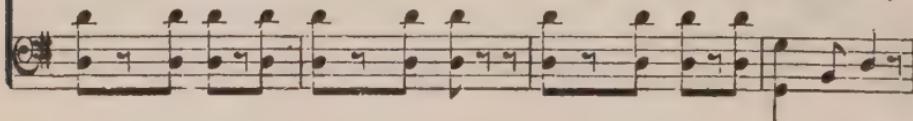
He'll make them look like new e re long, The worn-out shoes he's mend-ing.
 He's free, at least, from greed and graft, Of men with rich re - la - tion.
 He works the same from day to day, In rain or sun - ny sea - son.



CHORUS.

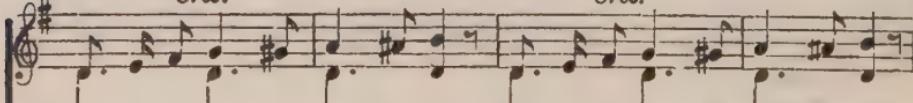


¹Tick - a-tack-tack and tick - a - tack - to, This is the way to mend a shoe;

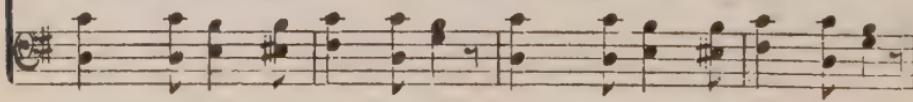


Cres.

Cres.



This is the way to make it new, This is the way the cob - blers do:



1 Beat fists together to imitate tacking. 2 Use thumb and index finger of right hand to imitate taking a tack from the mouth and placing it on closed fist of left hand. 3 Same as 1. The children may also beat fists while holding the long tone to the last word "do," striking for each accented note of the accompaniment, and they may also strike for each following notes of the instrument.

The Cobbler's Song.

²Put in a tack, ³then whack, whack, whack, This is the way the cobblers do.

56

Little Sleepy Heads.

E. A. S.

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J. H. F.

1. We are tired of play at the close of day, And we're ready for our beds;
2. So, with heads bowed low, children all must go And be tucked up in their beds;
3. Thro' the long dark night, little stars so bright, Keep a watch above our beds;

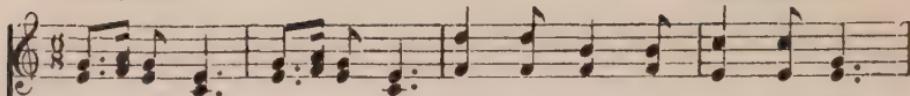
And the folks all say, at the close of day, We are lit - tle sleep - y heads.
Nod-ding, nod-ding so, that's the way we go, For we're lit - tle sleep - y heads.
But when comes the light, little sunbeams bright, Come to wake the sleep - y heads.

*During the first verse the children droop as though tired and sleepy. At second verse their heads droop forward, and at "nodding" jerk upward. For third verse they brighten up some, point to the stars, then brighten more and indicate with hands and moving fingers the coming in of "sunbeams," smile brightly for "to wake the sleepy heads." The music should quicken on last score for last verse.

Holy Night!

J. Mohr, 1818.

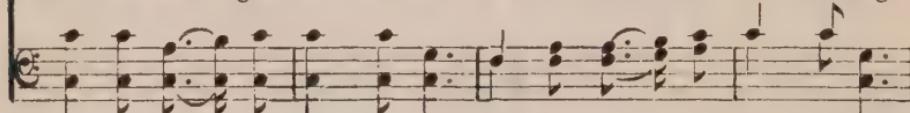
Franz Gruber, 1787.



1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light,
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies, and all is light!
3. Ho - liest night! peace-ful night! Child of heav - en, oh, how bright!
4. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Guid-ing Star, O lend thy light!
5. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!



Yon-der where they sweet vig - its keep O'er the Babewho, in si - lent sleep,
 Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing: "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 Thou didst smile when Thou wast born; Bless - ed was that hap - py morn,
 See the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
 With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!



Rallentando.



Rests in heav'n - ly Peace, Rests in heav'n - ly Peace.
 Je - sus the Sav - ior is here! Je - sus the Sav - ior is here!"
 Full of heav'n - ly joy, Full of heav'n - ly joy.
 Je - sus the Sav - ior is here! Je - sus the Sav - ior is here!
 Je - sus our Sav - ior is here! Je - sus our Sav - ior is here!

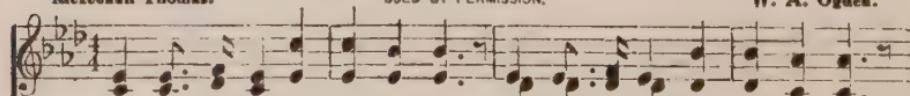


Bring Them In.

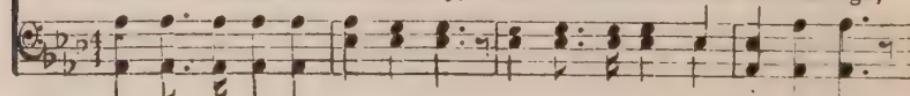
Alexeiah Thomas.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY W. A. OGDEN,
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W. A. Ogden.



1. Hark! 'tis the shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - er dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-er hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,



Bring Them In.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The lyrics 'O'er the rampart we watch'd' are written below the notes. The score consists of two staves of music with various dynamics and rests.

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray, Far from the shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold.
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be.

CHORUS.

A musical score for the chorus of 'The Star-Spangled Banner'. The score is in common time and consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The vocal line is in soprano range. The lyrics 'O'er the land of the free' are written below the notes. The score includes a dynamic marking 'a' over the first two measures, and a measure number '1' followed by '2' over the last two measures. The key signature changes from G major to C major at the end of the measure.

{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; } Je-sus.
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to }

59

Good Words.

H. R. Palmer.

A musical score for piano, page 10, measures 11-12. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the right hand (treble clef) and the bottom staff is for the left hand (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The music consists of eighth-note chords and rests.

1. Be si - lent, tongue! except some word Of good thou hast to say;
 2. Hush, wayward lips! for bless - ing speak, And let love keep the key,
 3. For that's and words are might - y things, Fill'd with our life are they;

A musical score for piano, page 10, showing measures 11 and 12. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

Let ev - 'ry oth - er that may rise, In si - lence die a - way.
That not a tho't - less word may stain The page of mem - o - ry.
Then think how pure the heart should be, In all we do or say.

Keep Sweet.

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Eleanor Allen Shroll.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. I've a mot - to, boys, for you, keep sweet, keep sweet, It's a mot - to
2. I've a mot - to, girls, for you, keep sweet, keep sweet, It's a mot - to
3. Boys and girls, and eld - ers, too, keep sweet, keep sweet, Here's a mot - to

tried and true, keep sweet, keep sweet; If you'd grow up brave and strong, Do your
 tried and true, keep sweet, keep sweet; Would you grow up good and kind? Things will
 tried and true, keep sweet, keep sweet; If your task is hard to get, Don't be

best the whole day long, And when ev'rything goes wrong, keep sweet (keep sweet).
 go a - miss, you'll find, But be pa - tient, nev - er mind, keep sweet (keep sweet).
 cross, and scold and fret, You will come out vic - tor yet, keep sweet (keep sweet).

CHORUS.

Keep sweet, keep sweet, keep sweet, keep sweet, Ev - 'ry day and

ev - 'ry-where, keep sweet (keep sweet); Don't for - get, what-e'er you do,

Keep Sweet.



This good mot - to, tried and true, Keep sweet, keep sweet, keep sweet.



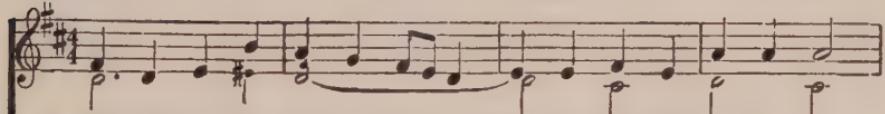
61

The Little Child.

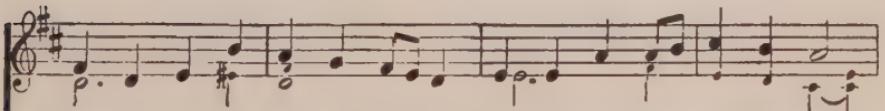
T. W. P.

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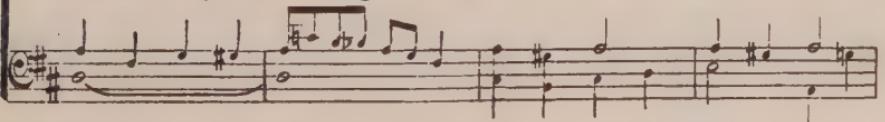
C. H. G.



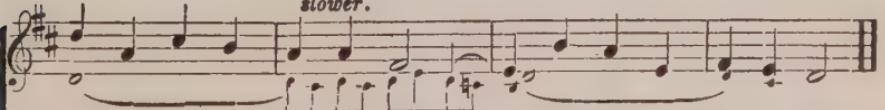
1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all,
3. And our eyes at last shall see Him Thro' His own re-deem-ing love;



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed;
And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;
For that Child, so dear and gen - tle, Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove;



slower.



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
With the poor and low - ly here Lived on earth our Sav - ior dear.
And He leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.



Building Every Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY HENRY DATE, BY PER.

F. E. B.

F. E. Belden.

1. * We are build-ing ev - 'ry day, At our work or at our play;
 2. * We are build-ing ev - 'ry day, Actions are the stones we lay;
 3. * We are build-ing ev - 'ry day, If we do not watch and pray,
 4. * We are build-ing ev - 'ry day, Not with lime and sand, and hay,

¹Not with ham-mer, blow on blow, ²Not the tim - ber saw - ing so:
⁵Je - sus our Foun - da - tion sure, ⁶Built on Him we are se-ure.
⁹Best of tools are all in vain, Gold - en Rule, and line, and plane.
¹²Not with wood, and nails, and screws, Something bet - ter far we use,

Build-ing a ³house not made with hands, Fol-low-ing ⁴Fa-ther's per-fect plans;
 Man - y a house has ⁷fal - len low, Built on the sands of sin and woe;
¹⁰Meas-ure by love each stone and brick, ¹¹Mix - ing the sil - ver mor - tar quick.
¹³Tho'tslike the mar - ble, pure and white, ¹⁴Smiles like the diamond, clear and bright;

† Lit - tle build-ers all are we,
 † We will heed His word a - lone,
 † Care - ful build-ers we must be;
 † These the jew - el stones we lay,

Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
 He's the on - ly Cor - ner-stone.
 All the world our house can see.
 Safe when sin is burned a - way.

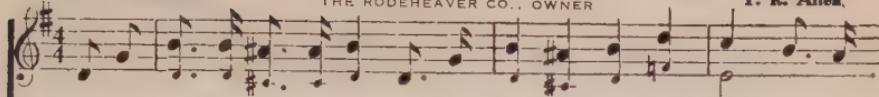
NOTE:—Have large Bible before the children, with white tile or marble blocks built thereon, representing smiles, kind words, and deeds of love. Don't use wood. Read 1 Cor. 3:11-17; Matt. 7:24-27. See page 3.

Our Country's Flag.

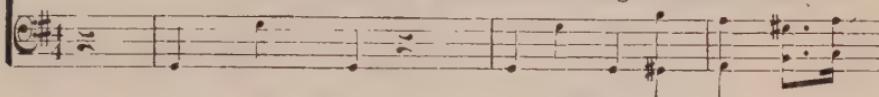
Rev. C. McKibbin.

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T. R. Allen.



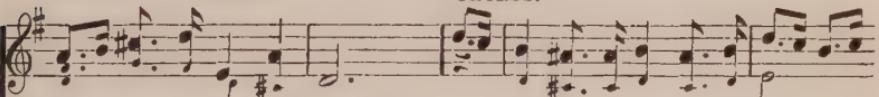
1. We are read - y with our flags and we join to - day, To show that we
 2. For a lib - er - ty it stands that is meek and strong, A lib - er - ty
 3. Then we'll wave a - gain the flag, 'tis the dear old flag! To show that we



love our land;
 born of right;
 love the right;

We'll stand for the true, what - e - ver oth - ers do, With
 To show that we're true and brave and gen - tle too, We'll
 The ty - rant shall feel the keen-ness of our steel; We'll

CHORUS.



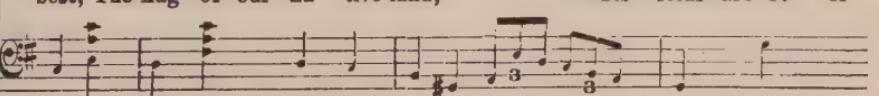
heart and with will-ing hand.
 stand by its truth and might.
 still keep our ar-mor bright.

Then here's to the flag that we love the

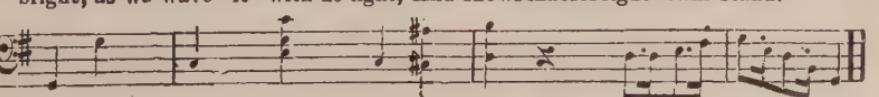


best, The flag of our na - tive land;

Its folds are ev - er



bright, as we wave it with de-light, And shows that for right 'twill stand.

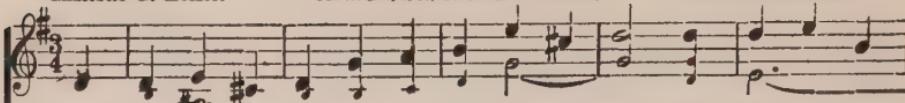


The Sweetest Story.

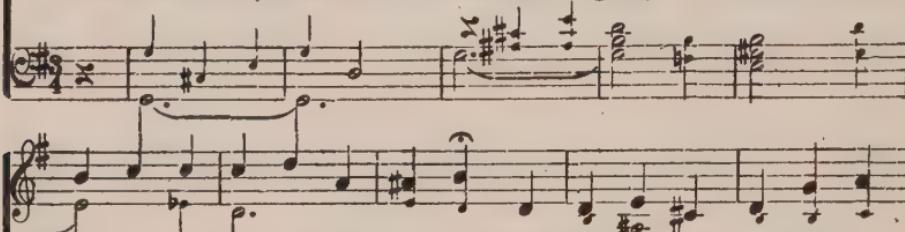
Charlotte G. Homer.

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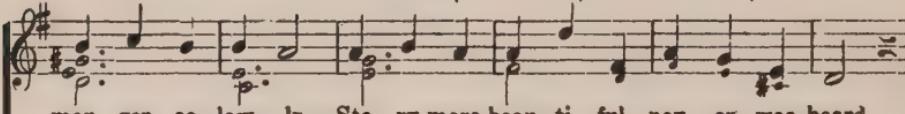
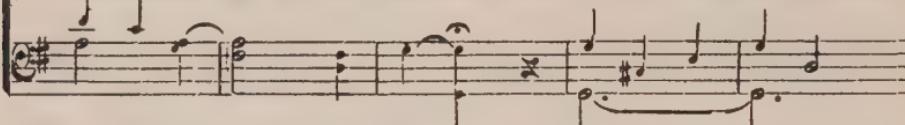
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.



1. There is a sweet sto - ry I read in His word,--The sto - ry of
 2. I see Him in Beth - le - hem, laid in a stall, By strangers sur -
 3. From Naz-ar-eth, where in - to man-hood He grew, I fol - low His



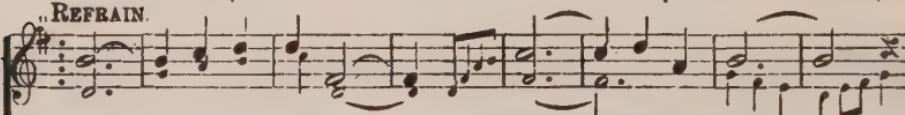
Je - sus the pure and the ho - ly, Who came down to earth to a
 rounded, and peace-ful - ly sleep - ing; Yet an - gels, un - seen, faith - ful
 path, lead-ing up to the moun-tain, Where He for the world o-pened



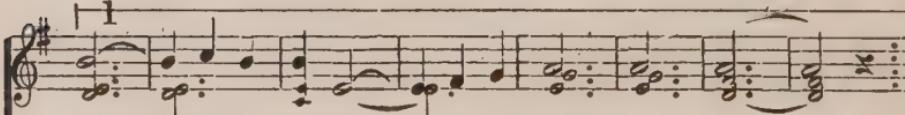
man - ger so low - ly— Sto - ry more beau - ti - ful nev - er was heard.
 vig - ils were keep - ing O - ver this won - der - ful Sav - ior of all.
 Cal - va - ry's foun - tain— Bless-ed old sto - ry, 'twill al - ways be new.



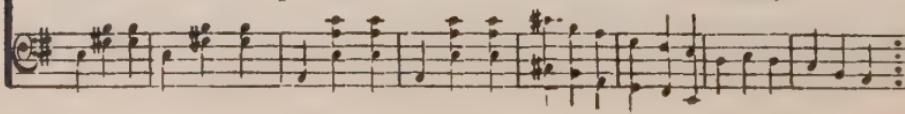
REFRAIN.



{ Sto - ry of Je - sus,.... pre - cious to me,....
 { Won - der - ful mean-ing in it I see,....



And as I pon - der it I love it more;



The Sweetest Story.

2

Grow - ing the dear-er as I tell it o'er

This block contains the first page of a musical score. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a dotted half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'Grow - ing the dear-er as I tell it o'er' are written below the notes.

65

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

W. B. Bradbury.

This block contains the second page of the musical score. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. { Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us,
Keep Thy flock, from sin-de-fend us,
3. { Thou hast promised to re-ceive us,
Thou hast mer - cy to re-lieve us,
4. { Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor,
Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior,

Much we need Thy tend'rest care, {
For our use Thy folds pre-pare; {
Be the Guar-dian of our way; {
Seek us when we go a - stray; {
Poor and sin - ful tho' we be; {
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free; {
Ear - ly let us do Thy will; {
With Thy love our bos-oms fill; {

This block contains the third page of the musical score. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

This block contains the fourth page of the musical score. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear O hear us when we pray.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

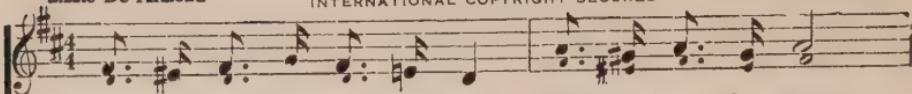
This block contains the fifth page of the musical score. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Brighten Up the Shady Spots.

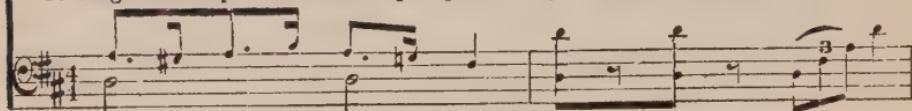
Lizzie De Armond

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



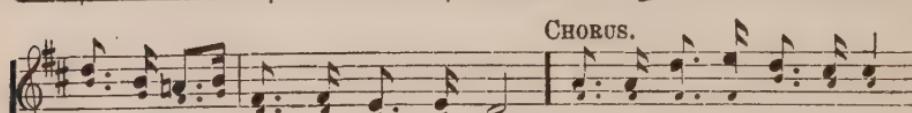
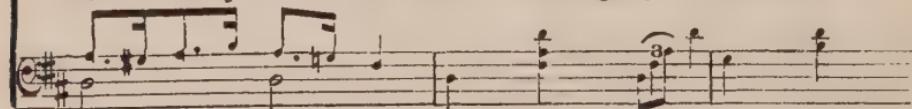
1. Bright-en up the shad-y spots all a-long the way,
 2. Short will prove the tire-some road if the skies look blue,
 3. Bright-en up the shad-y spots ly-ing close at hand;



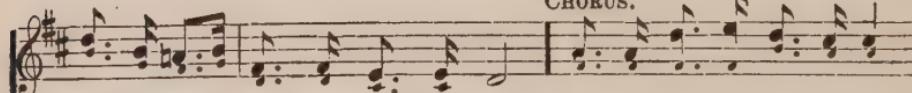
Where the sun-shine gleams a-round clouds will nev-er stay;
 Shad-ows soon will take their flight if your life rings true;
 Make the world a bet-ter place just as He has planned;



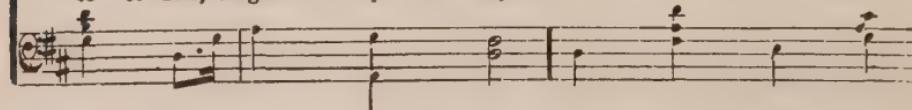
If there's joy with-in your heart let some oth-er know, Leave a lit-tle
 Sing a song of hope and cheer tho' the show-ers fall, God is in His
 With a kind-ly word or deed send a shin-ing ray, Leave to-mor-row



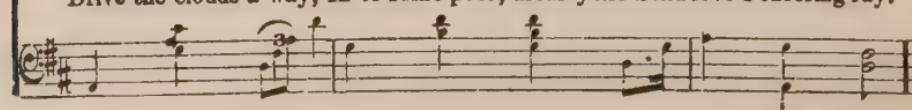
CHORUS.



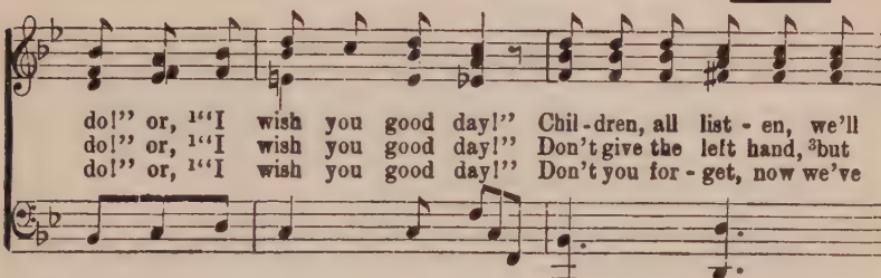
bit of love ev-ry-where you go.
 heav-en still, watch-ing o-ver all. Bright-en up the shad-y spots,
 to it-self, bright-en up to-day.



Drive the clouds a-way, In-to some poor, drear-y life Send love's cheering ray.



1. This is the way that po - lite peo - ple say 1st "How do you
 2. This is the way that po - lite peo - ple say 1st "How do you
 3. This is the way that po - lite peo - ple say 1st "How do you



do!" or, 1st I wish you good day!" Chil - dren, all list - en, we'll
 do!" or, 1st I wish you good day!" Don't give the left hand, ³but
 do!" or, 1st I wish you good day!" Don't you for - get, now we've

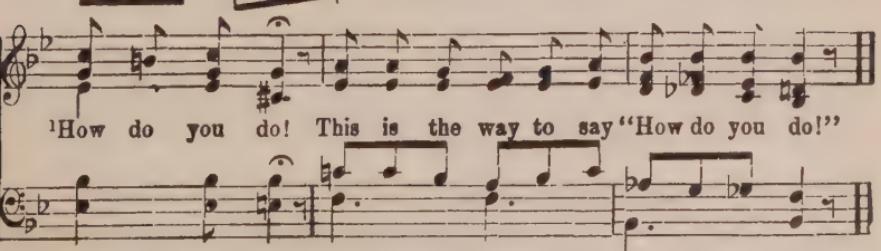
tell you just how: "Boys, take your caps off, and ³girls, make a bow!
 al - ways the right, Then folks will say 1st "Why, how nice and po - lite!"
 told it to you, This is the way to say 1st "How do you do!"

. CHORUS.

{ Chil - dren, be care - ful to do it just so, } 1How do you do!
 { 'Cause it is strict - ly im - portant, you know! }



How do you do! This is the way to say "How do you do!"



How do you do! This is the way to say "How do you do!"

1. Boys salute, girls extend their right hands and bow low. 2. All salute. 3. All extend their right hands.

Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

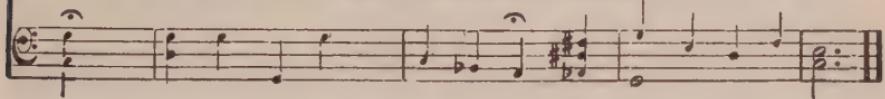
God gave the house, He gave the plan For us to build the best we can.
 And help us shun the paths of sin, Then we'll be pure, with-out, with-in.
 Thus shall our house grow broad and grand, And be a pow-er in the land.

CHORUS.

The House in Which We Live.



We will work and pray, and im-prove, each day, The house in which we live.



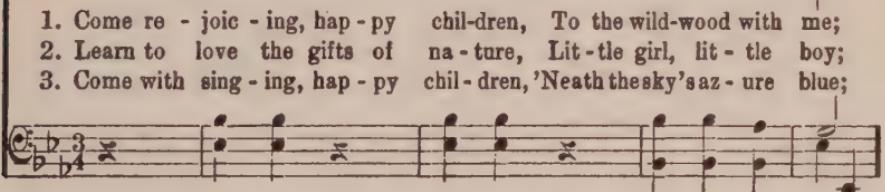
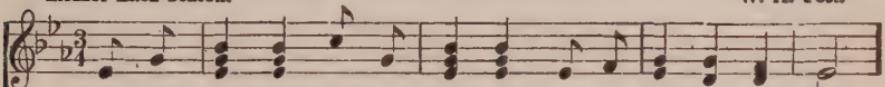
69

Nature's Gifts.

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Eleanor Allen Schroll.

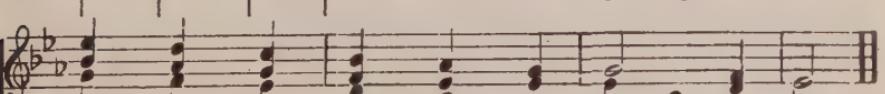
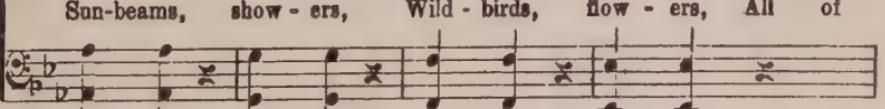
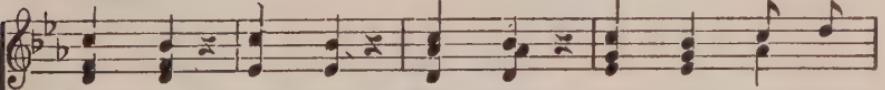
W. A. Post.



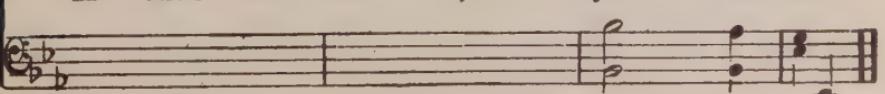
We'll en - joy the won-drous beau - ty, Come for na - ture is free.
From the brook-let to the o - cean, They are yours to en - joy.
All of na - ture's wondrous storehouse, Has been o - pened for you.



CHORUS.



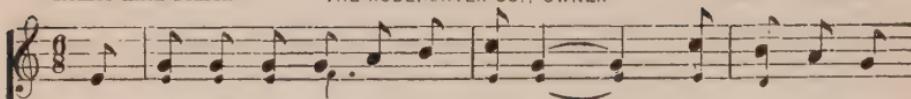
na - ture's own bow - ers, For you and me.



Wake Up!

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. The raindrops de - cid - ed a frol - ic,
2. They tapped at the trees and the bush - es,
3. "The earth is a - wait - ing your com-ing,
4. "Wake up, now!" the rain gently whispered,

To wake up the
They bade them a -
To wel-come you,
"The rob - in is

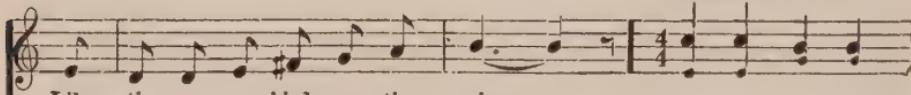


flow'rs of the spring;
wak - en to bloom;
flow'rs of the spring;
build - ing her nest;

So down they came straight as an ar - row,
They said "'Tis the com-ing of springtime,
And you must a - wak - en in beau-ty,
Rise but-ter-cup, vi - 'let and li - ly,



CHORUS.



Like ti - ny wee birds on the wing.
And gone is the cold win-ter's gloom."
As soon as the na - ture-bells ring."
You ought to be up with the rest."

1All the flow'rs were

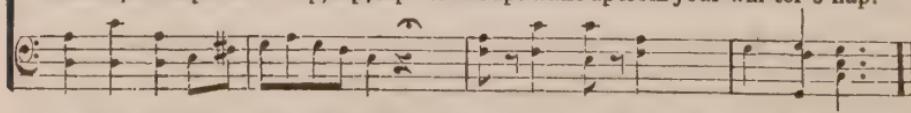


sleeping 'neath the snow, And they did not know it was time to grow, Till the



rit.

rain-drops whispered² "Tap, tap, tap!³ Wake up! wake up from your win-ter's nap."



NOTICE:—Children should stand close together, and at 1 rest heads on each other's shoulders, with eyes closed. 2 Hold left hand out, palm upward, and tap three times with right fingers, eyes still closed; 3 head erect, eyes open.

Gather Up the Sunbeams.

Ada Blankhorn.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tho' storm - y clouds of dark - ness In an - ger roll on high,
 2. Up - on the smooth-est wa - ters, We may not al - ways glide,
 3. We know the skies a - bove us, Are al - ways blue and fair,

Be - hind their gloomy shad - ows, Is hid the peace - ful sky;
 We all may do some row - ing, A - gainst an ad - verse tide;
 And that our heav'n - ly Fa - ther Doth keep us in His care;

But we will stop com - plain - ing, And speak - ing with a sigh,
 While with our best en - deav - or The pa - tient oars we ply,
 And while we trust His prom - ise And on His strength re - ly,

FINE

We'll gath - er up the sun - beams, And let the clouds go by.

CHORUS. D. S.

We'll gath - er up the sun - beams, The beau - ti - ful sun - beams,
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

I'll Try.

(Girls sing 1st stanza, boys the 2nd, all sing 3rd, see page 3.)

Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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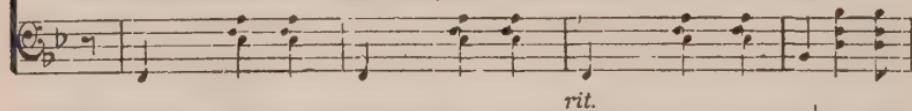
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. ¹When fath-er asks you, lit - tie lad, To help in some small way,
 2. ¹⁰When moth-ergives you, lit - tie girl, Some modest work to do,
 3. ¹²These two small words will mean so much Thro' les-sons hard and dry,



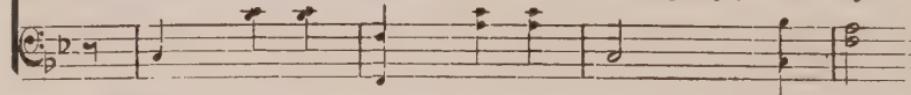
Some lit - tie du - ty to per-form Be - fore you go to play;
 Per -haps to save a wea - ry step,—For moth-er's nev - er thro',
 And we must learn to say them too, With face not all a - wry,



What tho' the task be large or small, Don't stop to "scold or cry;
 What tho' the task be large or small, Don't stop to "pout and sigh,
 For cheer - ful - ness is half the way To con-quer by and by,



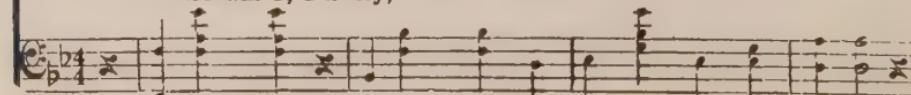
But step right up with ³pleas-ant smile ⁴And say, at least "I'll try."
 But step right up with ³pleas-ant smile ⁴And say, at least "I'll try."
 And heav'n will sure - ly help the one Who brave - ly says, "I'll try."



CHORUS.



⁵I'll try so will I, ⁷This is a splen-did mot-to;
⁶So will I, I'll try,



I'll Try.

Don't ask why— Just re -ply, 'I'll try, I'll try. I'll try, I'll try.

73

Day by Day.

Edith S. Tilletson.

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C. H. G.

1. Drop by drop the rain comes down, On the dusty field and town, Ray by ray the
2. Leaf by leaf the greenwood trees Spread their foliage to the breeze, Blade by blade the
3. One by one the moments go, Bit by bit the way we know, Hour by hour our

sunbeams bright Fill the world with joy and light; We can try as well as they,
soft green grass Lines the way thro' which we pass—We can do as well as they,
lives un - fold, Each to-mor-row dawns un-told; We can work, and strive and pray,

CHORUS.

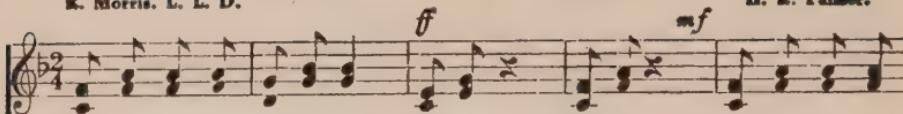
Day by day—day by day. Lit-tle by lit-tle, day by day, Do-ing the
ve-ry best we may, This is the saf-est, sur-est way Day by *day.

Day by day—day by day. Lit-tle by lit-tle, day by day, Do-ing the
ve-ry best we may, This is the saf-est, sur-est way Day by *day.

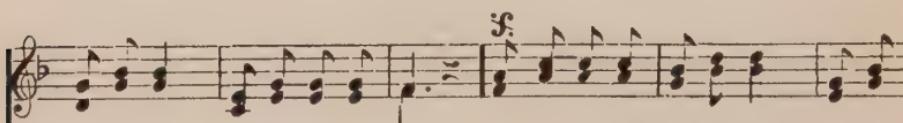
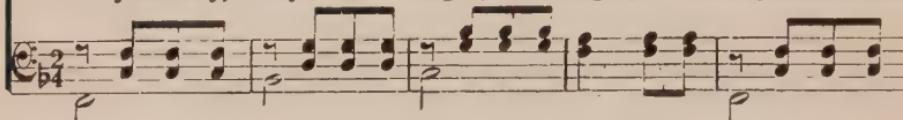
Singing From the Heart.

R. Morris. L. L. D.

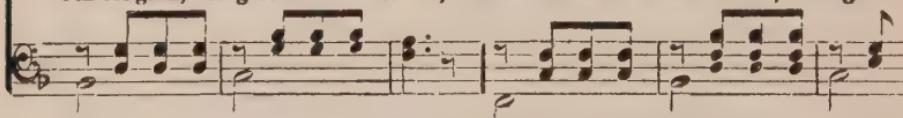
H. R. Palmer.



1. If you have a pleasant tho't, Sing it, sing it; As the birds sing
 2. Ev'-ry gracious deed of His, Sing it, sing it; Nothing sounds so
 3. Are you weary, are you sad? Sing it, sing it; Make yourselves and

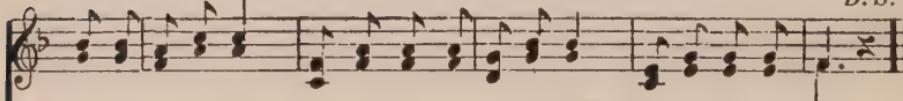


in their sport, Sing it from the heart; Does the Ho-ly Spir-it move, For the
 well as this, Sing it from the heart; How the Lord walk'd on the wave, Rescu'd
 oth-ers glad, Sing it from the heart; Bless-ed ones be-fore his face, Sing of

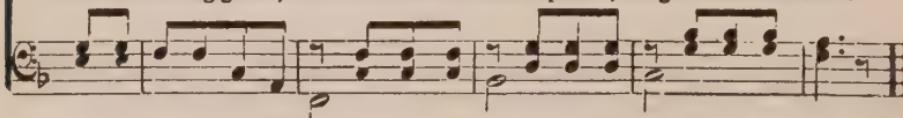


D. S.—*Singing, singing from the heart, O the*

D. S.



child - ren of his love?—Sing, and point the way a-bove, Sing it from the heart.
 Laz - 'rus from the grave, Died our guil-ty souls to save, Sing it from the heart.
 Christ's-a-ton-ing grace, Give the Sav-ior endless praise, Sing it from the heart.

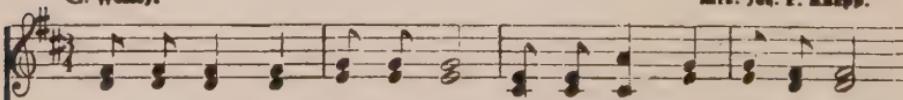


joy our songs impart! Je - sus, bless the tuneful art, Singing from the heart.

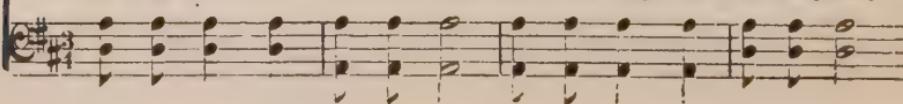
Gentle Jesus Meek and Mild.

C. Wesley.

Mrs. Jno. F. Knapp.



1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild. Look up - on a lit - tle child;
 2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Gracious God, for - bid it not;
 3. Oh, sup - supply my ev - 'ry want; Feed the young and ten - der plant;



Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

rit.

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Help me, Lord, to come to Thee.
In the king - dom of Thy grace Give a lit - tle child a place.
Day and night my keep - er be; Ev - 'ry mo - ment watch 'round me.

76

Even the Waifs of the Street.

J. A. Fraser, Jr.

Fred Wolden, Arr.

1. Je - sus loves children, the bi - ble says so; He will be with them where
2. "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me," These words He spoke be - side
3. Rag - ged, and tattered, and hun - gry, the waif May to the Sav - ior re -

ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the dark - ness of night,
blue Gal - i - lee; Not the rich on - ly His sweet message greets,
pair and be safe; He once was hun - gry, and friend - less, and poor,

CHORUS.

Guide them and help them all day to do right.

Je - sus loves ev - en the waifs of the street. Shout the glad news to
That's why He pit - ies the waifs at the door.

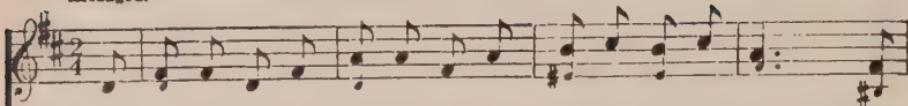
each one you meet; Je - sus loves ev - en the waifs of the street!

Don't Step There.

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Arranged.

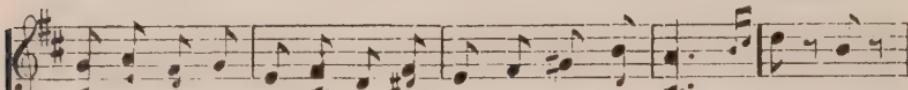
Chas. H. Gabriel.



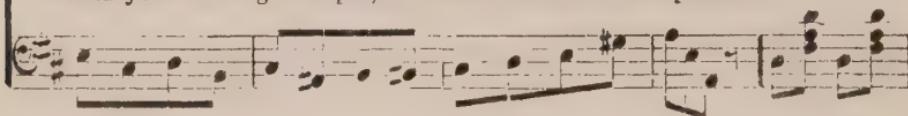
1. As on the path of life we tread we come to many a place Where,
2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or tho't, some sin, how - ev - er small, May
3. Our fel-low trav'lers on the road we'll watch with anx-i-ous care, And



REFRAIN.



if not care-ful, we may fall, And sink in - to dis - grace.
make us stum-ble in the path, And, stumb'ling, we may fall. Don't step
when they reach a dang'rous spot, We'll warn them—"Don't step there!"



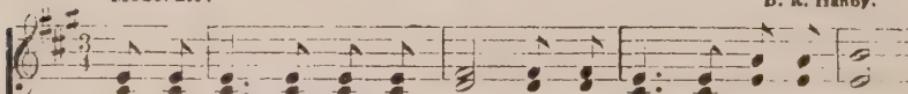
there, don't step there! Our motto be, where wrong we see—"Don't step there."



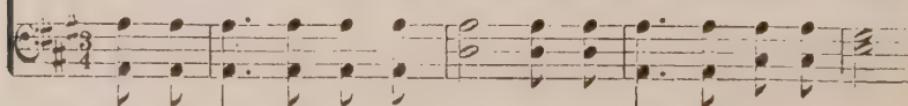
Who is He?

Moderato.

B. R. Hanby.



1. "Who is He in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?"
2. "Who is He in yon - der cot, Bend-ing to His toil-some lot?"
3. "Who is He who stands and weeps At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?"
4. "Who is He in deep dis - tress, Fast-ing in the wil - der-ness?"
5. "Lo! at mid-night, who is He Prays in dark Geth-sem - a - ne?"
6. "Who is He in Cal-v'ry's throes, Asks for blees - ings on His foes?"
7. "Who is He that from the grave Comes to heal, and help, and save?"
8. "Who is He that on yon throne Rules the world of light a - lone?"



Who is He?

CHORUS.

Musical score for 'Who is He?' featuring a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The lyrics are: 'Tis the Lord—oh, wondrous sto - ry!— 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry; At His feet we humbly fall; Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

79

Yes, Jesus Loves Me.

Anna Warner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

-
1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so, Lit - tle
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close be-side me all the way; If I

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak, but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

Ins Duley Ogdon.

Love and Do.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are here to love each o - ther And to help each oth - er, too;
 2. By the deeds of hu - man kind - ness That the least of us may give,
 3. By our bea - con in the dark - ness Blind-ed eyes the light may see,
 4. May we nev - er cease our toil - ing While a soul in sin shall roam,

We are here for lov - ing serv - ice, We must *love* and we must *do*;
 We may be a means of ref - uge, We may cause some soul to live.
 By the truth in cour - age spok - en We may set the cap - tive free
 For the great-est of all serv - ice Is to guide some lost one home.

Praise in Nature.

English.

1. All things beau - ti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balm - y air;
 2. Ev - 'ry tree and flow'r we pass, Ev - 'ry tuft of wav - ing grass,
 3. Lit - tle streamsthatglide a - long, Verd - ant, moss - y banks a - mong,
 4. He who dwell - eth high in heav'n, Un - to us hath all things giv'n;

Sun - ny field and shad - y grove, Gen - tly whis - per "God is love!"
 Ev - 'ry leaf and op'n - ing bud Seem to tell us "God is good."
 Shad'wing forth the clouds a - bove, Soft - ly mur - mur "God is love."
 Let us, as thro' life we move, Ev - er feel that "God is love."

One Who Loves Me.

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Grace L. Hosmer.

H. A. Henry.

1. There is One who loves me Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly; One who said of
 2. There is One who keeps me All the day, all the day; One so kind and
 3. There is One who whis - pers Low and sweet, low and sweet; "Child, I make the
 chil - dren "Let them come to me."
 gen - tie Will not let me stray. Yes, my friend is Je - sus,
 path - way For thy ten - der feet".
 Je - sus, ev - er dear; Ev - 'ry day is pre - cious, With my friend so near.

The Honor Band.

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Lizzie De Armond.

H. A. Henry.

1. We're on our hon - or ev - 'ry day, Right things to do, good words to say;
 2. We're on our hon - or while we live, To share the love our Lord doth give,
 3. We're on our hon - or firm to stand, And lis - ten well to His com - mand;
 This helps us all to go a - long With smil - ing face and cheer - y song.
 To scorn the things that would de - file, And make our lives in - deed worth while,
 With - in this world to do our part With pur - pose true, and will - ing heart.

I Would Be a Sunbeam.

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George Tillman Snod.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I would be a sun - beam Shin - ing bright and clear,
2. I would be a sun - beam In the poor man's cot -
3. I would be a sun - beam Where the help - less lie
4. I would be a sun - beam Ev - 'rywhere I go,

CHORUS.

Mak-ing sad hearts light-er, Bring-ing all hearts cheer.
 I would shine the brighter In each drear-y spot. Sunbeams, sunbeams,
 On their beds of sick-neas Ban-ish ev - 'ry sigh.
 Shin-ing for my Sav - ior In this world be-low.

Let us shine out bright, Making some heart gladder By our little light.

Happy Little Children.

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

H. G. Bickmore.

1. Hap-py lit - tle chil - dren, On this blessed day,
2. Hap-py lit - tle chil - dren, At their Shepherd's call,
3. Hap-py lit - tle chil - dren, Love to meet and sing,

Meet in Je-sus'
 Hast-en here to
 Praising Christ the

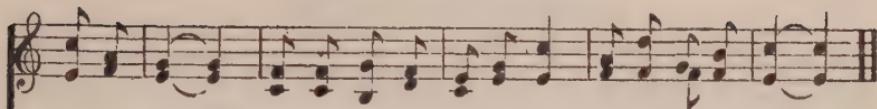
rit.

CHORUS.

a tempo.

tem - ple, Meet to praise and pray.
 praise Him For He wants us all. Sing-ing for the Sav - ior, Praising
 Sav - ior, Christ, the children's King.

Happy Little Children.



Him in song, Tell-ing him we'll do His will, Glad-ly all day long.



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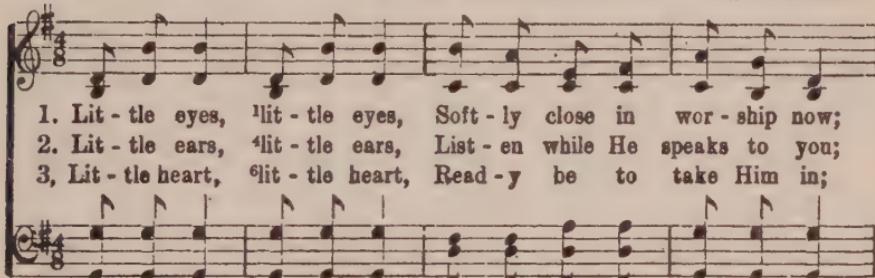
86

Little Eyes.

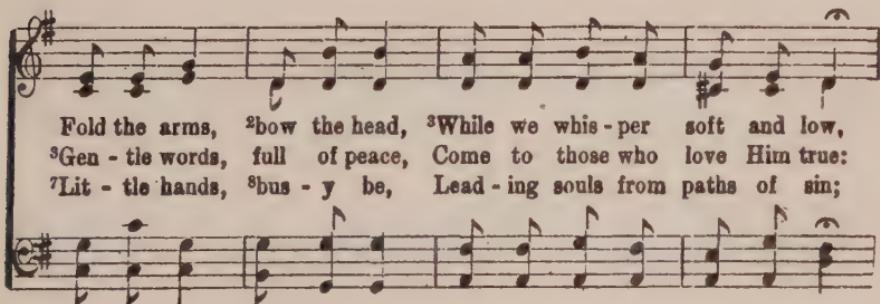
Dr. C. R. Blackall.

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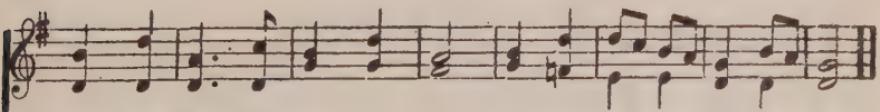
W. H. Doane.



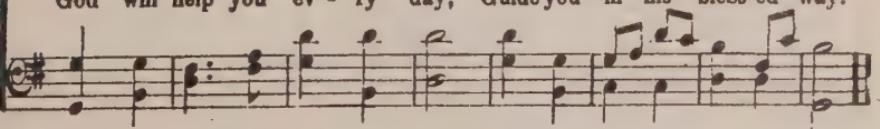
1. Lit - tle eyes, ¹lit - tle eyes, Soft - ly close in wor - ship now;
2. Lit - tle ears, ⁴lit - tle ears, List - en while He speaks to you;
3. Lit - tle heart, ⁶lit - tle heart, Read - y be to take Him in;



Fold the arms, ²bow the head, ³While we whis - per soft and low,
⁵Gen - tie words, full of peace, Come to those who love Him true:
⁷Lit - tle hands, ⁸bus - y be, Lead - ing souls from paths of sin;



God is here, and hap - py we In His pres-ence e'er may be.
²God is love, and we must be Lit - tle foll'wers glad and free.⁵
God will help you ev - 'ry day, Guide you in his bless-ed ⁹way.



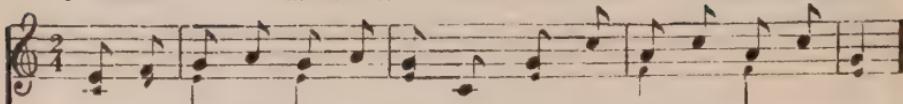
MOTIONS.—1 touch eyes; 2 fold arms; 3 bow heads; 4 touch ears; 5 raise hands;
6 right hand over heart; 7 spread hands and arms; 8 wave hands from side to side
9 point upward with fore-finger of right hand.

Is It Right?

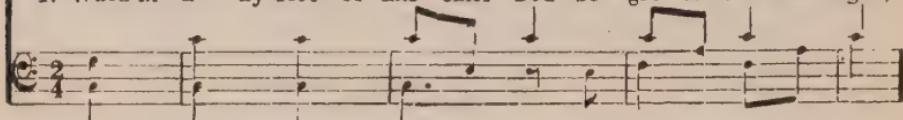
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J. P. Elliott.

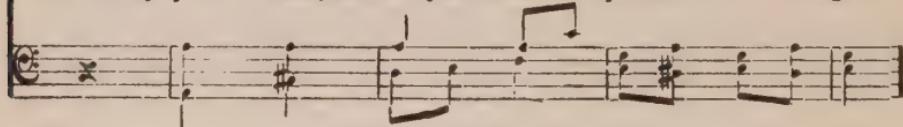
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When you find your-self in - sult - ed, And you feel in-clined to fight,
2. When you find you're feel-ing peev - ish, And like do - ing things for spite,
3. When your par-ents have for - bid - den You to stay out late at night,
4. When in a - ny sort of mis - chie-f You be - gin to take de - light,



Wait un - til this lit-tle ques-tion is de - cid - ed; Is it right?
Lis - ten to the voice of con-science, as it whis-pers, "Is it right?"
And you feel like dis - o - bey - ing, stop and pon-der: Is it right?
Well may you re - flect, and ask your - self the ques-tion: Is it right?



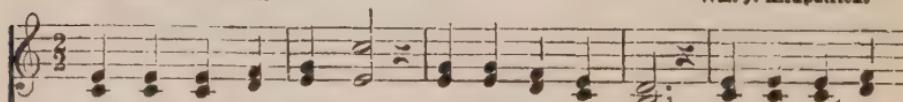
Is it right,..... Is it right? Organ.



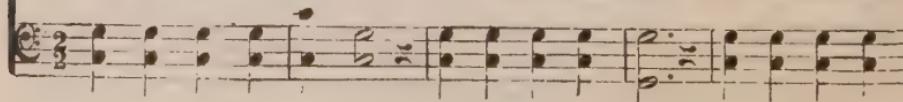
Dropping Pennies.

Mrs. Fidelia H. DeWitt.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Hear the pen-nies drop-ping, Lis-ten while they fall, Ev - 'ry one for
2. Drop-ping, dropping ev - er, From each lit - tle hand; 'Tis our gift to
3. Now while we are lit - tie Pen-nies are our store, But when we are
4. Tho' we have not mon - ey We can give Him love; He will own our



Dropping Pennies.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, He will get them all.
Je - sus, From His lit - tle band. Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,
old - er, Lord, we'll give Thee more.
off - 'ring, Smil - ing from a - bove,
Hear the pennies fall; Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus,—He will get them all.

89

He Loves Me Too.

Maria Straub.

S. W. Straub.

1. God sees the lit - tle spar - row fall; It meets His ten - der view;
2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Per - fumes each lil - y bell;
3. God made the lit - tle birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small;

FINE

If God so loves the lit - tle birds, I know He loves me, too.
If He so loves the lit - tle flow'rs, I know He loves me well.
He'll not for - get His lit - tle ones, I know He loves them all.

D.S.-Be-cause He loves the lit - tle things, I know He loves me, too.
CHORUS.

D. S.

He loves me, too, He loves me, too, I know He loves me, too;

S-M-I-L-E.

H. L.

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Halder Lilleman.

CHORUS.

Stepping Onward.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Charles H. Gabriel.

CHORUS.

Under the Shade.

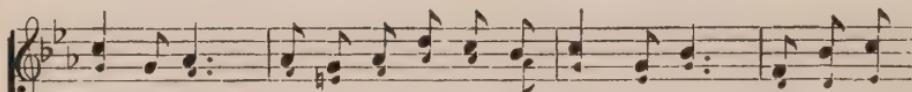
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E. E. Hewitt.

B. D. Ackley.



1. Un - der the shade of the for - est trees, O - ver the strand of the
2. Where in the gar - den the ro - ses grow, Where daisies spring by the
3. God is our Fa - ther who reigns on high, Christ is our Savior who



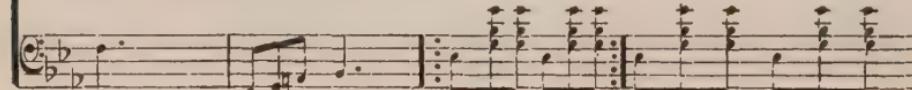
sound-ing seas; Rings out a song on the balm - y air, Beau - ti - ful
streamlet's flow; O - ver the fields in their green ar-ray, Ech - oes the
came to die; O let us trust His re-deem - ing love, Fol - low-ing



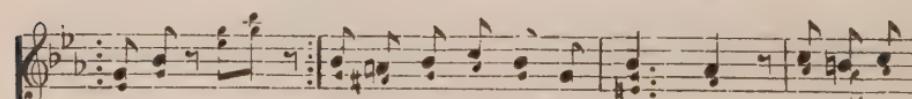
CHORUS.



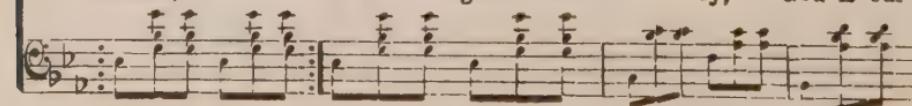
song of our Fa-ther's care.

song of our hearts to-day. Lis - ten, Lis - ten a - gain to the
Him to the realms a - bove.

sto - ry, Tell-ing, tell - ing of goodness and glo - ry:



Lis - ten, lis - ten a - gain to the sto - ry, God is our



Under the Shade.

Musical score for 'Under the Shade.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody consists of two staves of music.

Fa-ther, He rules o - ver all, And an-swers His chil - dren's call.

93

I'm Only a Little Herald.

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Mrs. Amanda S. Barlow.

Musical score for 'I'm Only a Little Herald.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody consists of two staves of music.

1. I'm on - ly a lit - tle her - ald, But the king-dom needs my ¹voice
2. I'm on - ly a lit - tle her - ald, But the king-dom needs my ²sword;
3. I'm on - ly a lit - tle her - ald, But the king-dom needs my ³hand;

Musical score for 'I'm Only a Little Herald.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody consists of two staves of music.

FINE

Musical score for 'I'm Only a Little Herald.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody consists of two staves of music.

To her - ald in the King of kings, This is my hap - py choice.
I'll draw it from its ³scabbard, from God's own most ho - ly ⁴Word.
I'll use these bus - y ⁶fin - gers, then, To do my Lord's command.

Musical score for 'I'm Only a Little Herald.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody consists of two staves of music.

D.S. We know that those who toil be - low In ¹⁰heav'n a - bove shall shine.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Musical score for 'I'm Only a Little Herald.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody consists of two staves of music.

My ⁷voice and my ⁸hands, dear Je - sus, ⁹All that I have is Thine.

Musical score for 'I'm Only a Little Herald.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody consists of two staves of music.

MOTIONS.—1 Point to the mouth; 2 Hold out the hands as if holding a sword; 3 Draw it from the scabbard; 4 Hold out both hands as if holding the Bible; 5 Extend the hands horizontally; 6 Move the fingers, still holding out the hands.

CHORUS—7 Point to the mouth; 8 Extend the hands; 9 Cross the hands over the breast. 10 Point above with gentle upward motion from the waist.



1. Do you know the se - cret which the flow - ers tell, As they whis - per
 2. In the woodland meadow, near the riv - er side, Bloom the lit - tle
 3. Growing in the gar-den where the shad - ows fall, Lit - tle pur - ple



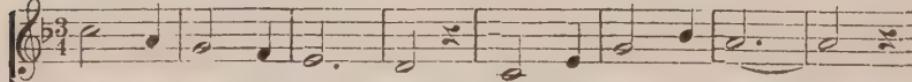
soft - ly in each qui - et shad - y dell, Breath-ing soft and ten - der
 flow-ers, ev - 'ry pet - al o - pen wide; They would seem too ti - ny
 pan-sies gai - ly nod to one and all; They would seem to tell you



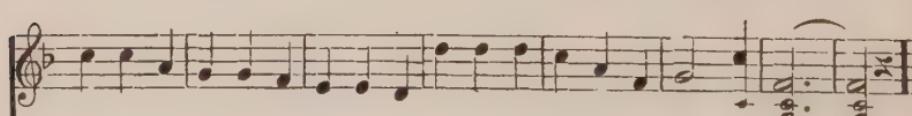
mes-sag-es of love, Giv-ing prais-es to our Fa-ther God a - bove?
 for the Fa-ther's thought, But the mes-sage sweet they bring—“For-get-me-not!”
 “Try the Lord to please!” And He sends this message thro’ the dear “Heart’s-ease.”



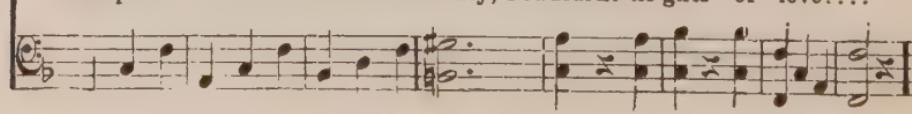
CHORUS.



Mes - sen - gers of Je - sus, Pure, like those a - bove,.....



Whis - per to us of His love and His beauty, You dear lit - tle gifts of love....



Swing Song.

Edith Sanford Tilletson.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
 2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
 3. Who wants to peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?

Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
 Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
 Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!

CHORUS.

Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun—
 swing-ing, swing-ing,
 ev'ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,
 ring - ing; Light and free as the birds are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!

Love Your Neighbor.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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C. Hubert Botterf.

1. "Love your neighbor as your-self," 'Tis the Lord's com-mand;
 2. "Love your neighbor as your-self," This we all can do
 3. "Love your neighbor as your-self," Je-sus lived this rule;

We should try to keep this rule He has wise - ly planned.
 Right at home, and far a - way, If to God we're true.
 Let us find and bring them in, To our Sun - day School.

CHORUS.

Those who need a help - ing hand, O - ver all this whole wide land,

Chil - dren, too, of God a - bove, Are the neighbors we must love.

Living Bibles.

Mrs. Frank A. Brock.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

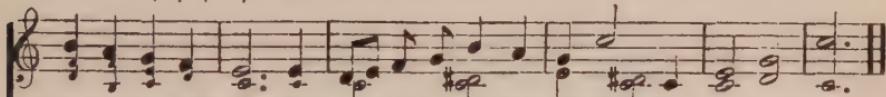
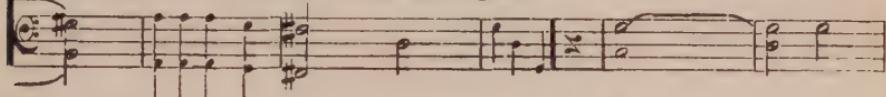
1. We would be liv - ing Bi - bles, What-ev-er may be - fall; Who lives his
 2. We would be liv - ing Bi - bles, Wher-ev-er be our land, That those who
 3. We would be liv - ing Bi - bles, The word of truth made plain, To rep - re-

Living Bibles.

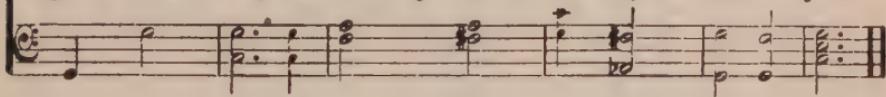
CHORUS.



life for Je - sus, Is known and read of all.
know not Je - sus, May read and un - der-stand. We would be liv-ing Bi - bles, A
sent the Man - ter, Un - til He comesa - gain.



light that shineth true; The world may not read the Bi - ble, But it reads you.

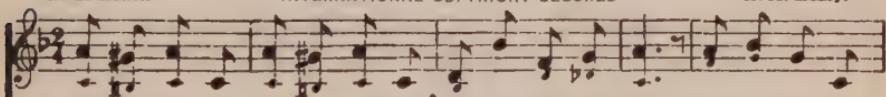


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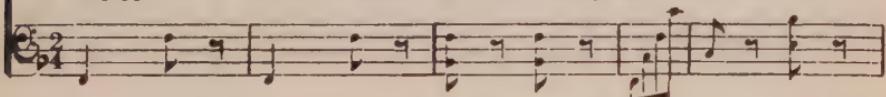
Sunbeam Children.

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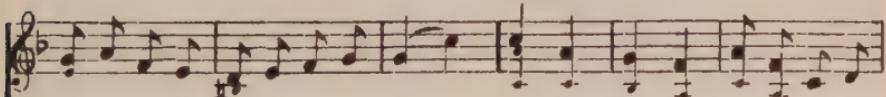
H. A. Henry.



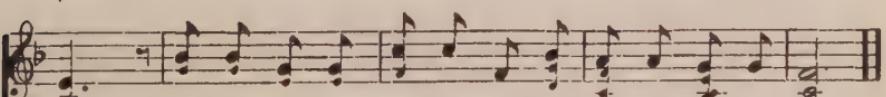
1. Hap-py lit - tie sunbeam-children, In our work and play; For our heav'n-ly
2. Hap-py lit - tie sunbeam-children, Cheering oth - ers too; Love in ev - 'ry
3. Hap-py lit - tie sunbeam-children, We would al-ways be; Shin - ing with the



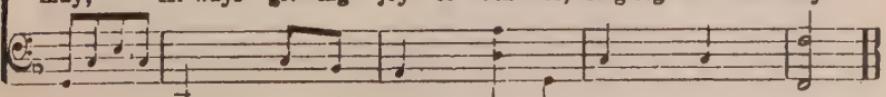
CHORUS.



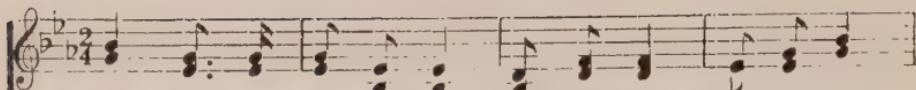
Fa-ther loves us, Keep us ev - 'ry day.
word we ut-ter, And in all we do. Sun-beam - chil-dren, Help-ing as we
light of gladness, Blessed Lord, for Thee.



may; Al-ways giv - ing joy to oth - ers, Sing-ing on our way.



A. on.



1. Give, said the lit - tle stream, Give, O give, give, O give.
 2. Give, said the lit - tle rain, Give, O give, give, O give,
 3. Give, said the vio - let sweet, Give, O give, give, O give,



Give, said the lit - tle stream, As it bur-ried down the hill; I'm
 Give, said the lit - tle rain, As it fell up - on the flow'rs; I'll
 Give, said the vio - let sweet, In it's gen - tle spring-like voice; From



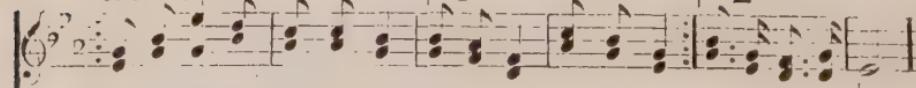
small, I know, but wher-e'er I go, Give, O give, give, O give; I'm
 raise the droop - ing heads a - gain, Give, O give, give, O give, I'll
 cot and hall they will hear my call, Give, O give, give, O give; From



small, I know, but where'er I go, The fields grow green-er still.
 raise the droop - ing heads a - gain, And fresh-en sum-mer bow'rs.
 cot and hall they will hear my call, They will find me and re - joice.



CHORUS.



1 Sing-ing, singing, all the day, Give a-way, give a - way;
 1 Sing-ing, singing, all the day, [Omit] Give, O give a-way.

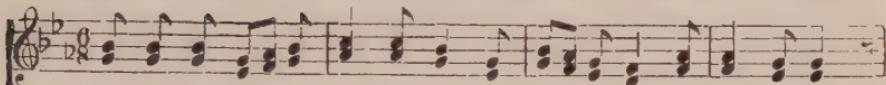


Sleep, Birdie.

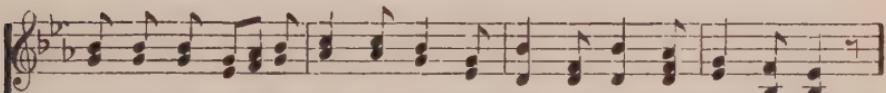
E. E. Hewitt.

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Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.



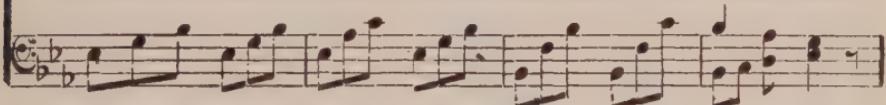
1. Sleep, ¹birdies, in your down - y nest; So soft and warm your mother's breast.
2. Sleep, ¹lit-tle birds, till morn-ing light Shall drive a-way the shades of night;
3. ¹Sleep, ba - by birds, and so will we, So safe will all God'schil-dren be;



²Our heav'ly Fa-ther cares for all; He knows should one wee bird - ie fall.

²Our heav'ly Fa-ther will pro-vide When hun-gry mouths are o-pened wide..

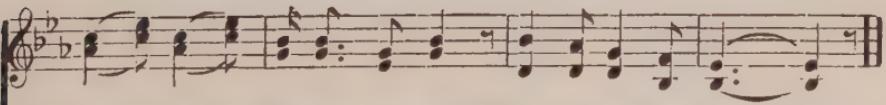
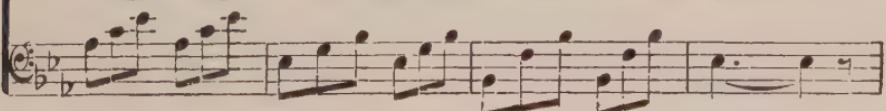
We know our heav'ly Fa-ther's arms Are shield-ing us from all that harms.



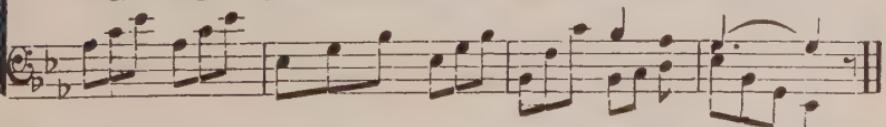
CHORUS.



³Swing, swing, lit-tle nest, swing, ⁴Un-der the star-ry sky;



Sing, sing, gen-tle breeze, sing; ⁵Sing a lul - la - by.....



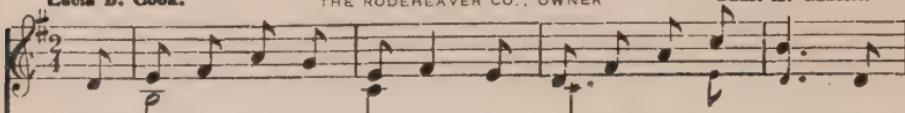
1 Hold hands nest shape; 2 Point up; 3 Make nest and swing hands; 4 Make sweeping motion with both hands; 5 As if hushing a doll—head bent over.

Spelling Love.

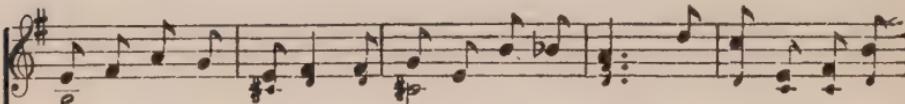
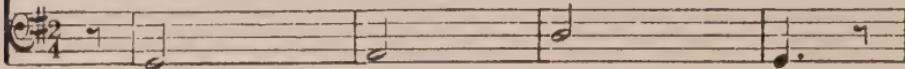
Lucia B. Cook.

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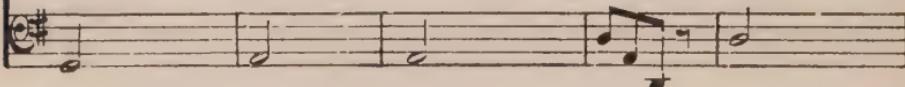
Chas. H. Gabriel.



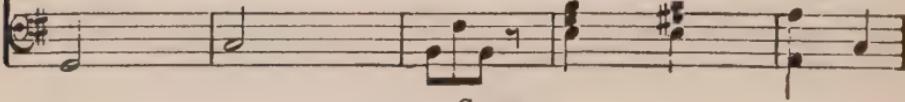
1. When love is spelt with let - ters, It is not hard to spell, But
2. If kind to all your class-mates, O - be - di'nt to the rule, If
3. Each lit - tie deed of kind-ness, That we may strive to do, Is



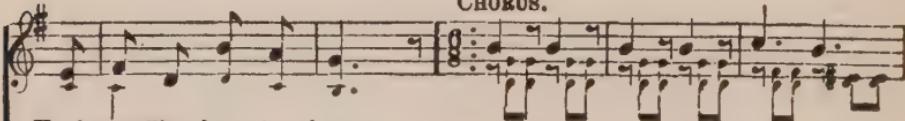
let us try to write it, In lov - ing deeds as well; When called to do an stu - di - ous and tho't-ful, You're spelling love at school; When teach-ers says, "Be spell-ing love for oth-ers, And love for Je - sus too; I hope, if ho - ly



er - rand, Be sure you don't de - mur; For when you mind your moth - er, qui - et," Be sure you do not stir; For when we please the teach - er, an - gels Look on us from a - bove, In bright and shin - ing let - ters,

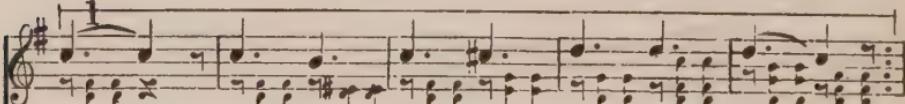
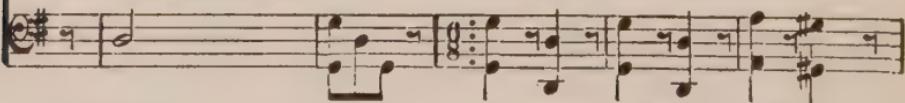


CHORUS.



You're spelling love to her.
We're spelling love to her.
They'll find us spell-ing love."

{ L - O - V - E That spells
Sweet-est word on earth be-



love, Sweet - est word in heav'n a - bove,



Spelling Love.

2

low, Let's keep spell - ing as we go.

102

Blessed Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, IN "SONGS AND FLOWERS."

E. E. Hewitt.

Virian Jones.

2

1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Just like me, just like me; He was
2. Lift-ing hap - py songs a - bove, Bless His name, ho - ly name; Je - sus
3. While the bells so gai - ly chime, Far and near, sweet and clear; In this

2

CHORUS.

2

gentle, meek and mild, As we ought to be.
in His ten-der love, For the chil - dren came. Bless - ed Je - sus,
hap-py place, you see, Je-sus gives good cheer.

2

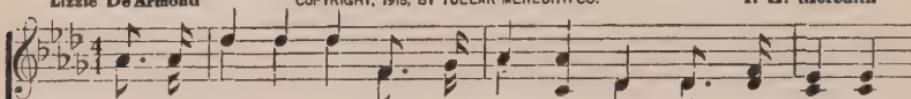
come and bless us all to-day; Bless-ed Je - sus, hear us while we pray.

2

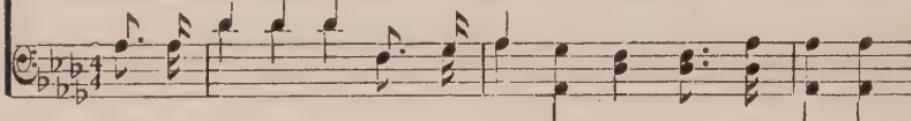
Lizzie DeArmond

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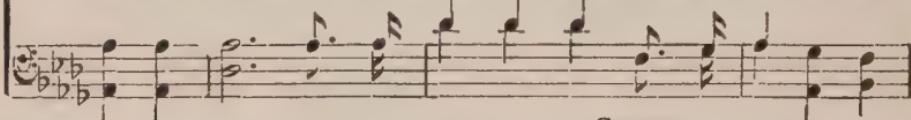
I. H. Meredith



1. Hear the great big clock with its queer ¹tick tock, Sound-ing out so
 2. Hear the pen-²du-lum with a cheer - y hum, As it³ swings from
 3. Hear the great big clock with its queer ¹tick tock, And its⁴hands, one



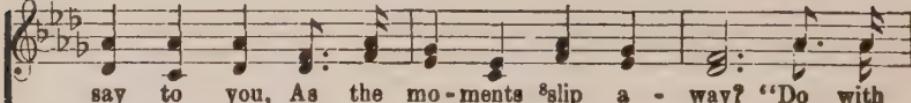
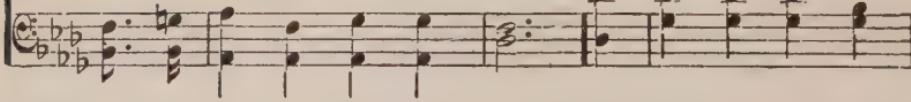
clear and true, Now it tells the time with a mer - ry chime,
 side to side, Wait - ing not to rest, do - ing just its best,
 fast, one slow, Thus it seems to say, "Help some one to - day,



CHORUS.



As a good clock ought to do.
 With its work well sat - is - fied. What does the big clock
 Ere the shin - ing hours go."



say to you, As the mo - ments ⁸slip a - way? "Do with



all your might ev - 'ry thing that's right, Be good! be good to - day."



MOTIONS.—1. Move index finger of right hand back and forth. 2. Make downward motion with right hand, indicating length of pendulum. 3. Swing right hand and arm slowly back and forth. 4. Hold out hands. 7. Describe a circle quickly with right hand. 6. Describe a circle slowly with left hand. 7. Raise index finger of right hand and at word "you," point outward. 8. Move right hand quickly from left to right.

With a Tap, Tap, Tap.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Raindrops are fall - ing, sil - ver - y and bright, Soft - ly they pat - ter,
 2. Raindrops are fall - ing, don'tyou hear them call? Call - ing the tu - lips,
 3. If rain and sun - shine wak - en leaves and flow'rs, Let love a - wak - en

pear - ly drops and light; Rain - drops and sun - beams work to - geth - er so,
 daf - fo - dils and all; See them a - ris - ing from their win - ter beds,
 in these hearts of ours; Love, true and joy - ful, for our Lord and King,

CHORUS.

Help - ing ear - ly flow'rs to grow.
 Lift - ing up their pret - ty heads. With a tap, tap, tap, and a mer - ry, mer - ry
 Giv - ing us the joys of spring.

rap, Say - ing to the dais - y, "put on your ruf - fled cap;" With a tap, tap, tap,

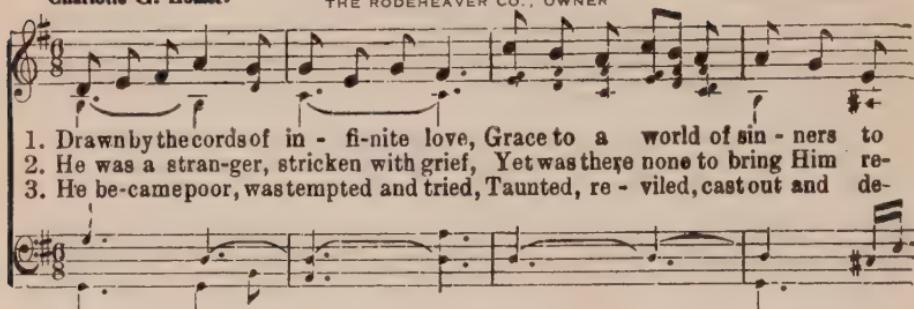
and a mer - ry, mer - ry rap, Wak - ing up the blossoms from their win - ter nap.

Motions.—1 Tapping lightly on tables or backs of chairs. 2 Hands to side of head.
 Place hands near floor and slowly raise them 4 Hand on heart. 5 Point up.

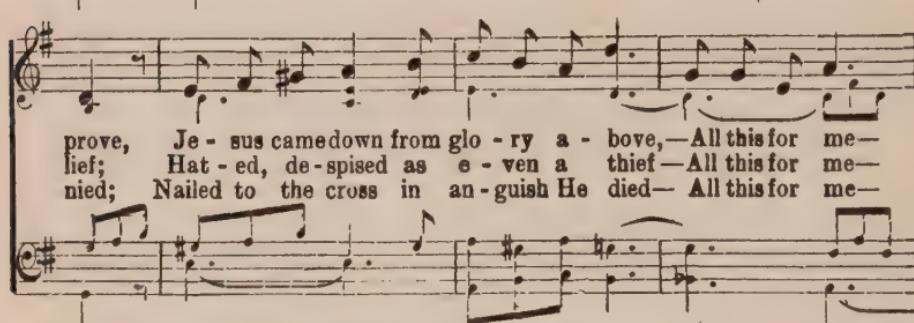
All This for Me.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

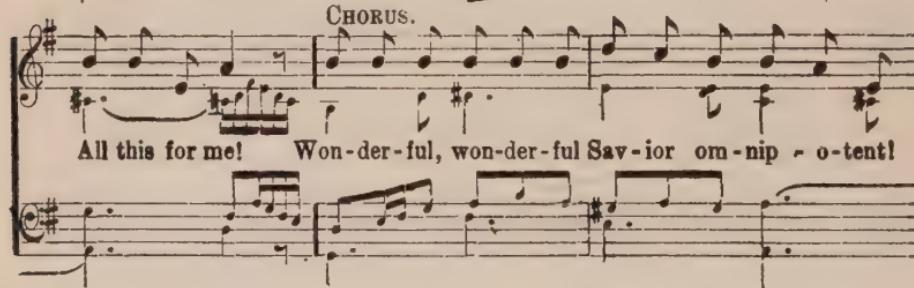


1. Drawn by the cords of in - fi - nite love, Grace to a world of sin - ners to
 2. He was a stran - ger, stricken with grief, Yet was there none to bring Him re -
 3. He be - came poor, was tempted and tried, Taunted, re - viled, cast out and de -

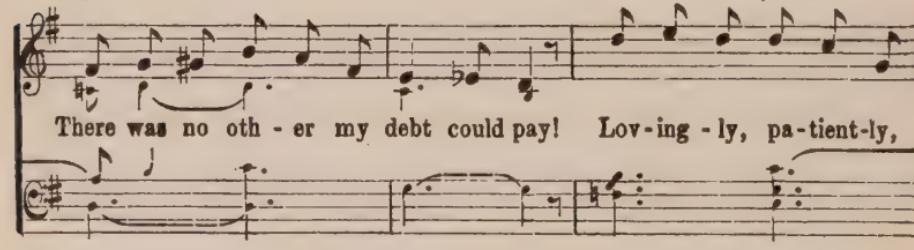


prove, Je - sus came down from glo - ry a - bove, — All this for me—
 lie; Hat - ed, de - spised as e - ven a thief — All this for me—
 nied; Nailed to the cross in an - guish He died — All this for me—

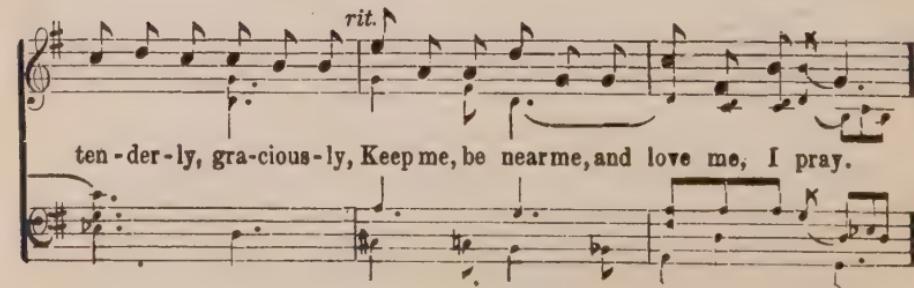
CHORUS.



All this for me! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior om - ni - p - o - tent!



There was no oth - er my debt could pay! Lov - ing - ly, pa - tient - ly,

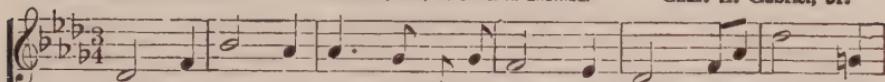


ten - der - ly, gra - cious - ly, Keep me, be near me, and love me, I pray.

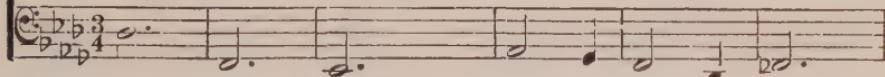
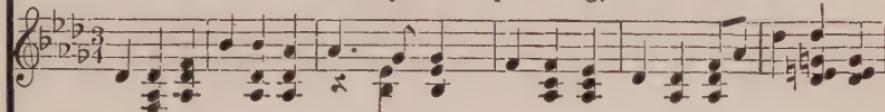
Charlotte G. Homer.

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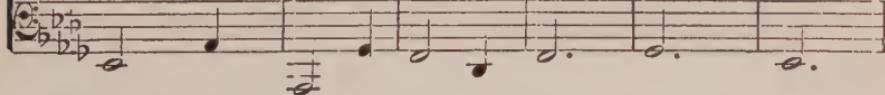
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.



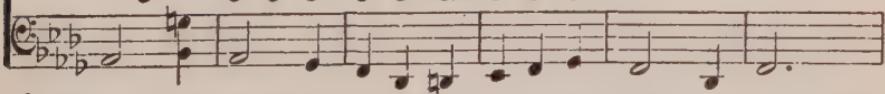
1. There's a song my heart is ev - er sing - ing, And the world seems
 2. In the morn I hear it from the flow - ers, At the noon - tide
 3. "Come to me"—its ev - 'ry line re-pea - ting, Calls in tones so



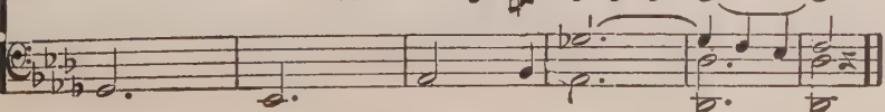
with its ech - oes ring - ing, O'er and o'er it rings and sings, For
 from the shad - y bow - ers, And when eve - ning breez - es blow A -
 ten - der - ly en - treat - ing; 'Tis the sweet - est song of all, For



sweet - est peace to me it brings; O'er and o'er it
 gain I hear it soft and w; And when eve - ning
 'tis my bless - ed Sav - ior's call; 'Tis the sweet - est



rings and sings, For sweet - est peace it brings.....
 breez - es blow, I hear it soft and low.....
 song of all, For 'tis my Sav - ior's call.....



Be Loving Right Along.

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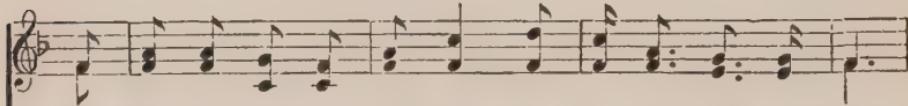
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Mrs. F. A. Breck.

A. A. Baldwin.



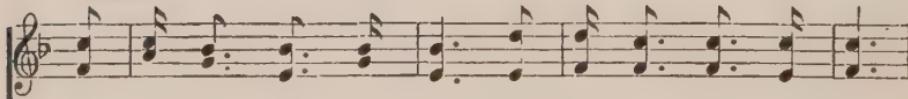
1. Should those who once were friend-ly For - get you in life's throng,
2. If those a - round are tho't-less, And seek to do you wrong,
3. Love brings its own re - ward - ing; Just sing some hap - py song
4. The God of love will bless you, Since you to Him be - long;



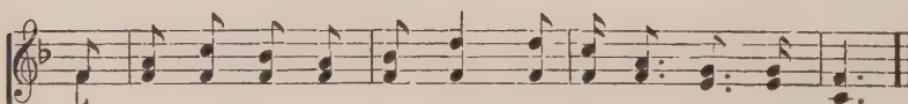
Re - ward them still with kind - ness, Be lov - ing right a - long.
 Fail not to be for - giv - ing, Be lov - ing right a - long.
 To friends and foes be friend - ly, Be lov - ing right a - long.
 Do good to oth - ers al - way, Be lov - ing right a - long.



CHORUS.



Be lov - ing right a - long, Be lov - ing right a - long;



What-ev - er be your tri - als, Be lov - ing, right a - long.



My Gift to Jesus.

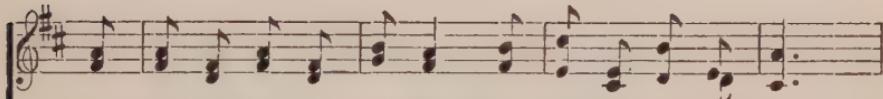
Julia H. Johnston.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. For man - y, man - y bless - ings Sent down from heav'n a - bove,
2. I know kind words will please Him, — I'll give them with a smile;
3. My lit - tle gifts of mon - ey The lov - ing Lord will take,
4. All poor and help - less chil - dren In this and, oth - er lands,



I want to bring to Je - sus Some lit - tle gifts of love.
 He sees who I am lov - ing, He watch - es all the while.
 And use in helping oth - ers, If giv - en for His sake.
 Are dear to Christ, our Sav - ior, — Go help them, He com - mands.



So here my heart I of - fer, My hands to please Him, too;



My will - ing feet for er - rands meet; Lord, show me what to do.



We Can Do Something.

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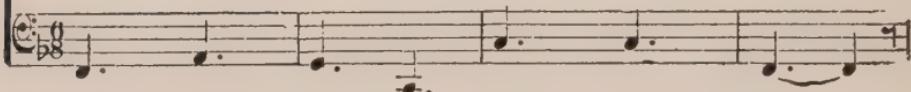
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H. L.

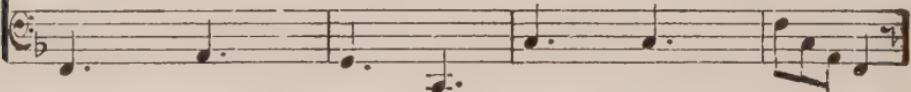
Hans Lilleas.



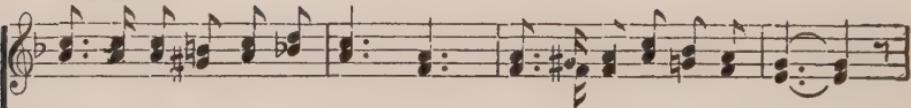
1. On - ly a rose by the way - side, Fra-grant and pure as the dew,
2. On - ly a bird in the tree - top, War-bling His sweet mel-o - dy,
3. Children, tho' small, can do something That will bring glo-ry to God,



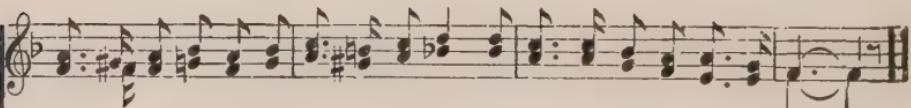
Shows forth the hand of its Mak - er, Tell-ing us what He can do.....
 Hon - ors his glo - ri - ous Mak - er, Sings of His boun-ty so free.....
 If they but faith-ful - ly serve Him, Treading the pathway He trod.



CHORUS.



We can do something for Je - sus, Something for Him ev'-ry day;



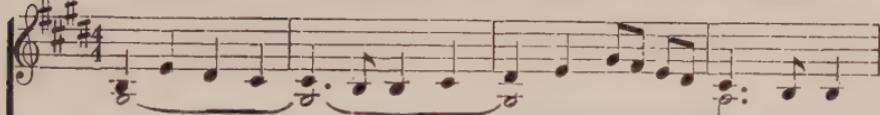
Tho' we are small He will help us in all To glo - ri - fy Him all the way.



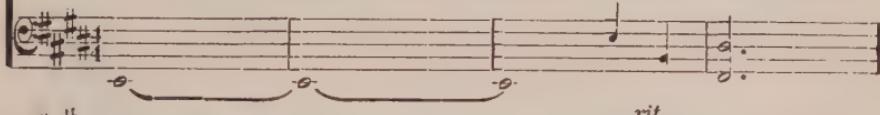
Charlotte G. Homer.

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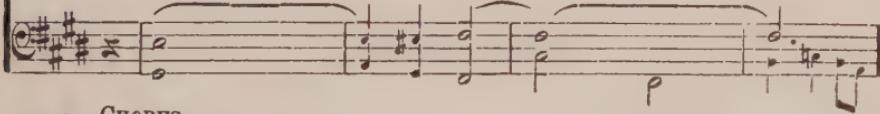
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.



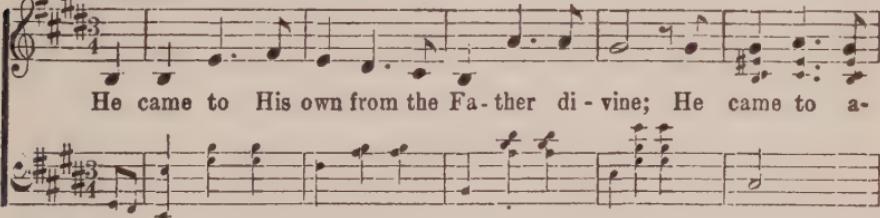
1. Au-gel-sang that won-drous to - ry, On that first glad Christ-mas morn,
 2. With the poor, a-mong the low - ly, See the in - fant Sav - ior lie,
 3. How I wish I might have known Him, Just to look up - on His face,



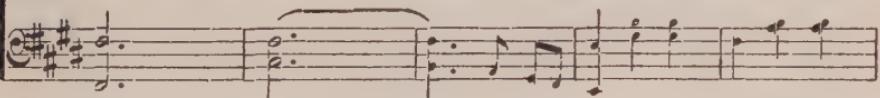
Of "Peace on earth and glo - ry, Christ, the Lord, is born!"
 Yet an - gels, pure and ho - ly, Sang His lul - la - by!
 To wor - ship, love and own Him In that hum - ble place.



CHORUS.



tone for thy sins and for mine; He slept in a man-ger, with



beasts of the stall, The Mak-er, the Mon-arch, the Sav-ior of all.



111

My Hands I Raise.

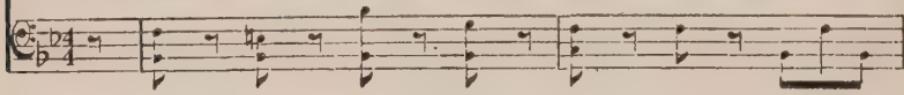
E. E. Hewitt.

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Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.



1. My hands I raise The Lord to praise For all His pre - cious love;
2. My hands may do A serv - ice true To help some - bod - y near,
3. My hands I fold, For God has told That He will an - swer prayer;



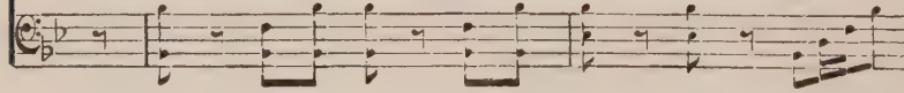
He's good to me; His child I'll be, And fol - low Him a - bove.
Some use - ful thing, A joy to bring, Some work of lov - ing cheer.
Dear Lord, to - day To Thee we pray; Oh, keep us in Thy care!



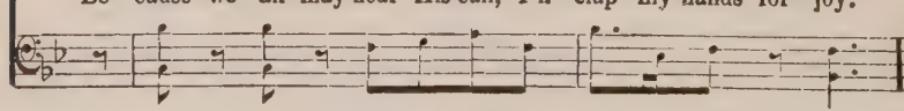
CHORUS.



I'll clap my hands, I'll clap my hands, I'll clap my hands for joy;



Be - cause we all may hear His call, I'll clap my hands for joy.



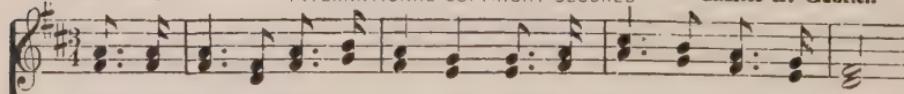
112

Shining for Jesus.

T. E. Allen.

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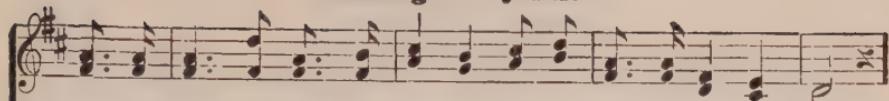
Charles H. Gabriel.



1. We should ev - er shine for Je - sus Mak-ing bright this world be - low;
2. There are man - y in the dark-ness We may help to find the way
3. May we ev - er let our light shine Bright - ly all a - long the way,



Shining for Jesus.



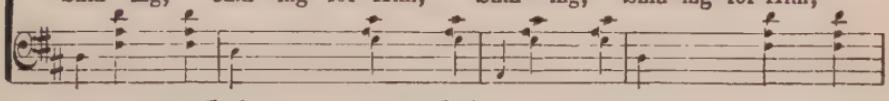
Have our lamps all trimmed and burn-ing As a - long our way we go.
If our light its al - ways burn-ing; Throwing out its guid-ing ray,
Till at last, when night is end - ed, Dawns for us E - ter - nal Day.



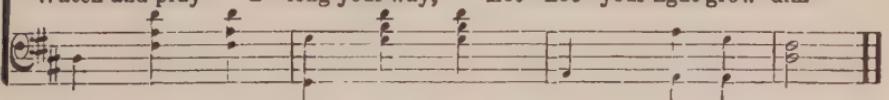
CHORUS.



Shin - ing, shin - ing for Him, Shin - ing, Shin-ing for Him;



Watch and pray a - long your way, Let not your light grow dim

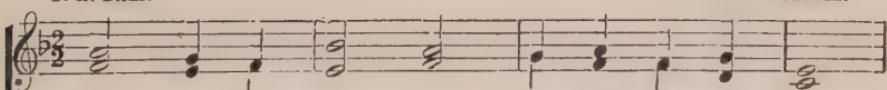


113

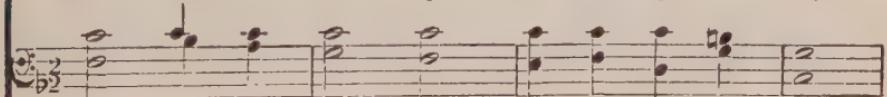
O Gentle Savior.

T. R. Birks.

Arthur S. Sullivan.



1. O gen - tle Sav - ior, from Thy throne on high
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with thine eye of love,



Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
In life, in death, our com - fort, strength and guide.
And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

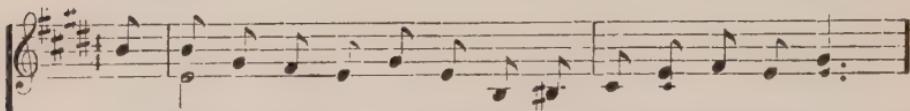


I Want to Shine.

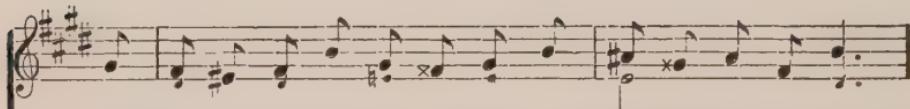
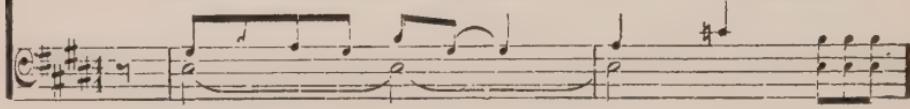
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Rev. W. G. Martin.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I want to cast a kind - ly gleam A - cross life's troubl-ed sea,
2. I want to cast a gleam a - far Where hea - then chil - dren dwell,
3. I want to shine on ev - 'ry heart That now is dark with grief;
4. I want to shine with pur - est light On ev - 'ry err - ing soul,



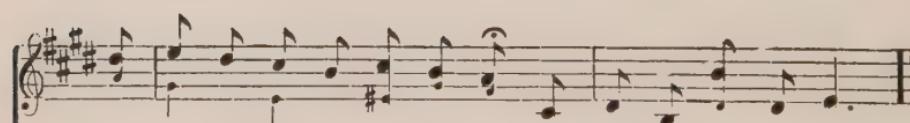
And yet, O God, I know each beam Of light must come from Thee.
Where now the dy - ing mil - lions are; I would their gloom dis - pel.
To wea - ry souls I would im - part Sweet com - fort and re - lief.
And lead them to the path of right Where God will make them whole.



CHORUS.



And so I come, my bless - ed Lord, To get some light from Thee;



O grant me that Thy ho - ly Word May ev - er dwell in me.

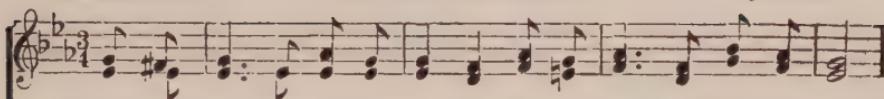


In the Sunshine.

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Margaret Reese.

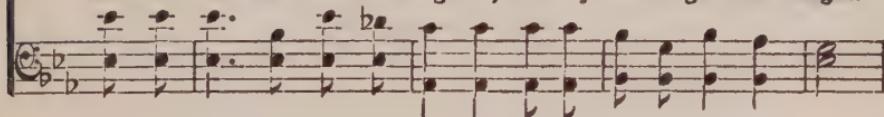
J. S. Pearle.



1. In the sun - shine of His mer - cy We are walk - ing day by day;
2. We are trav' - ling on-ward, up-ward, Ev - er in the heav'n-ly way,
3. Now our days are al-ways sun - ny, With the full - ness of His grace,
4. In the sun - shine of His pres - ence, We for-get the clouds of night,



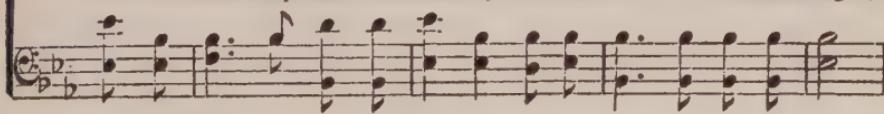
And our hearts are ov - er - flow-ing With a grate-ful, hap-py lay.
 And our path is dai - ly light - ed By love's bright and gold-en ray.
 And our gloom - y hours are bright-er By His glor-i-ous, smil-ing face.
 And our hearts are warm and eag - er, Dai - ly walk-ing in His might.



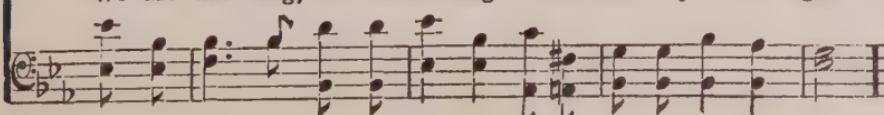
CHORUS.



In the sun-shine, bless-ed sun-shine, Where the love of God shines bright;



We are walk - ing, ev - er walk-ing In the beau - ty of its light..



Keep Busy.

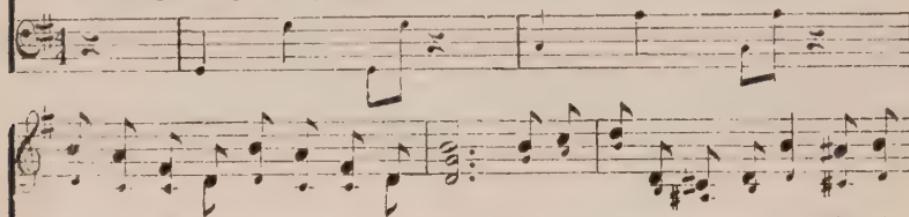
Mrs. G. D. Martin.

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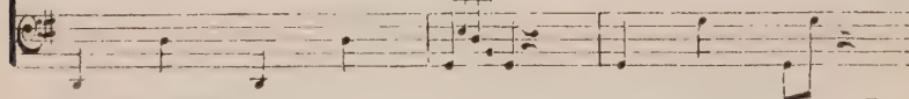
W. Stillman Martin.



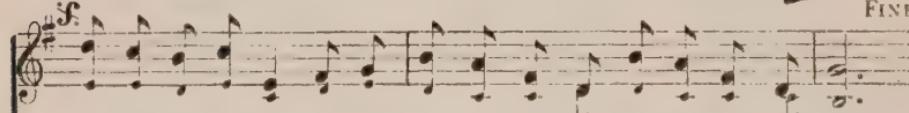
1. Just keep bus-y ev-ry day, Just keep mov-ing on the way, You will
 2. Just keep bus-y and you'll find A con-tent-ed, health-ful mind; You were
 3. Just keep bus-y as you go, For a bus-y life will grow To the



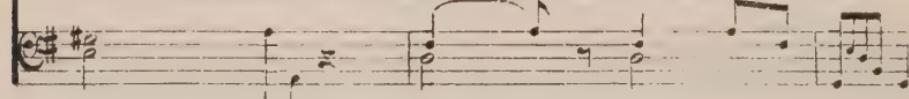
nev-er then havetime for what is wrong; Sa-tan finds some mischief still, For the
 nev-er meant for i-dle-ness and ease; Toil and play go hand in hand, You must
 stat-ure of a strong and use-ful man; Just play hard whene'er you play, Do some



FINE.



i-dle hand and will; Just keep bus-y if you would be clean and strong.
 ev-er un-der-stand; Hives have hon-ey, when they have the bus-y bees.
 use-ful work each day, God re-quires you just to do the best you can.

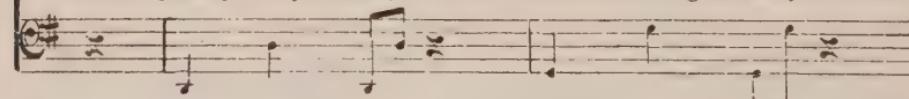


D.S.-i-dle hand, and will; Just keep bus-y, if you would be clean and strong.

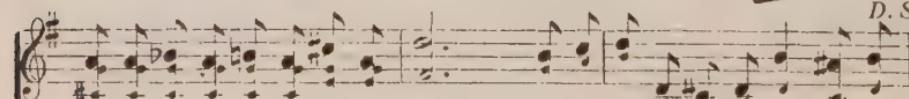
CHORUS.



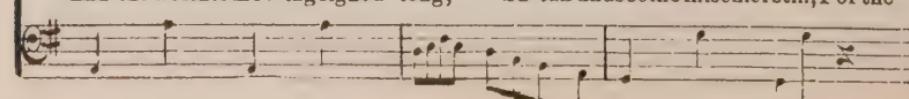
Just keep bus-y—do your best; Faith-ful-ness is God's great test; You will



D. S.



find the world is mov-ing right a-long; Sa-tan finds some mischief still, For the



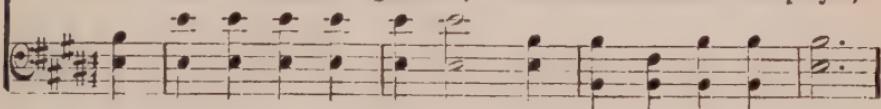
Exercise Song.

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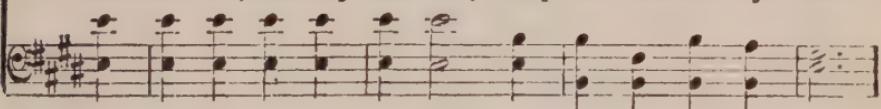
Mrs. J. C. Batcham.



1. We'll all rise up to - geth - er, U - nit - ed we will stand;
 2. We'll raise our hands to - geth - er, Our les - sons we will learn;
 3. We'll bow our heads to - geth - er, And breathe this lit - tie prayer;



We'll all sit down to - geth - er, A hap - py chil - dren's band.
 We'll fold our arms to - geth - er, And an - swer in our turn.
 Dear Sav - ior, bless Thy chil - dren, Keep us from ev - 'ry snare.



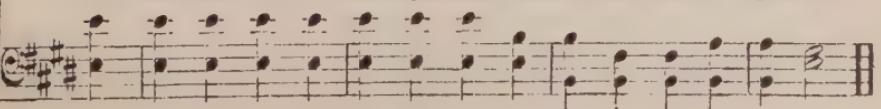
CHORUS.



We'll mind the rule of Sun-day school, We'll mind the rule of Sun-dayschool,



We'll mind the rule of Sun-dayschool, And all rise up to - geth - er.
 We'll mind the rule of Sun-day school, And raise our hands to - geth - er.
 We'll mind the rule of Sun-day school, And all sit down to - geth - er.



Little Pilgrims.

Mrs. M. O. Page.

Mrs. C. H. Scott.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, With my staff in band, Climb-ing up the
 2. Ma - ny, ma - ny dan - gers, All the way I see, But the Sav - ior's
 3. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, I've not long to roam; Heav'ly gates will

CHORUS.

nar - row path, To join the heav'ly band.
 ev - er near, And He my guide will be. Oh, who will come with me?
 o - pen wide, And soon I shall be home.

Joy - ous is the way, Oh, who will come with me? Come, come to - day.

All the World for Jesus.

Georgie Tillman Snead.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

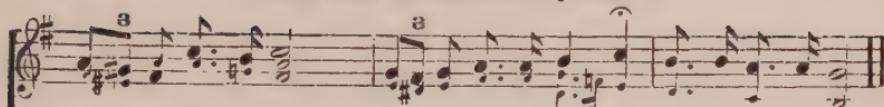
1. We are lit - tle sol - diers, Fight-ing for our King; All the world to
 2. Some will go to Chi - na, Some to Hin - du - stan; Af - ri - ca is
 3. Some on ice - girt moun-tains, Some on sun - ny plains, Tell - ing the sweet
 4. To the land of dark - ness, We will take the light, Tell them of the

CHORUS.

Je - sus, We would glad - ly bring.
 call - ing, So is fair Ja - pan.
 sto - ry Of our King who reigns.
 Sav - ior, Ban - ish all their night.

All the world for Je - sus!

All the World for Jesus.



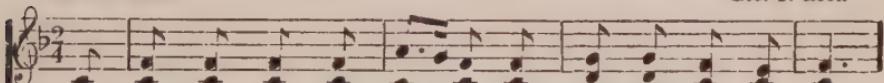
Hear our bat-tle cry; All the world for Je-sus! Let the good news fly.

120

Because He Loved Me So.

Miss E. Miller.

Geo. F. Root.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Which an - gel voic - es tell,
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - ior Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise,



How once the King of glo - ry, Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and ho - ly, His lit - tle ones might be;
And though I can not see Him, I know He hears my praise;



I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
For He has kind - ly prom - ised That I shall sure - ly go



The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.
To sing a - mong the an - gels, Be - cause He loved me so.



Our Gifts.

Kate Ulmer.

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Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Pen - nies we are bring - ing, Un - to Thee to day;
 2. Help us Lord to give them, Free - ly, joy - ful - ly;
 3. As we give our pen - nies, We our hearts would give,

Bless - ed Sav - ior, use them, In Thy work, we pray.
 For a cheer - ful giv - er, Is be - loved of Thee.
 Bless us too, and use us; Let us for Thee live.

CHORUS.

Pen - nies bring-ing, prais-es sing - ing, Un - to Je - sus, our great King;
 He is near us, He will hear and bless the gifts we bring.

Working, Trusting, Living.

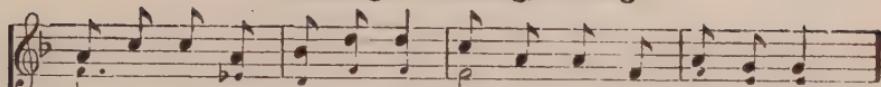
Mrs. W. J. S.

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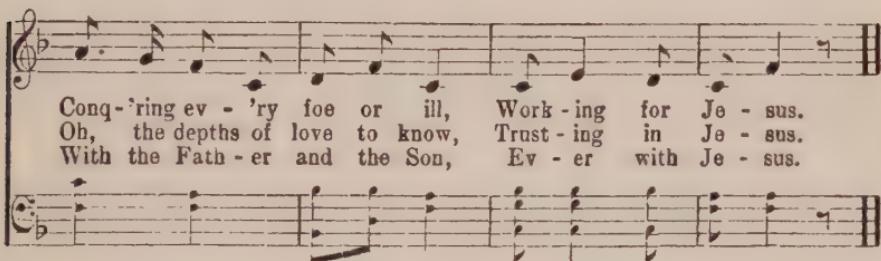
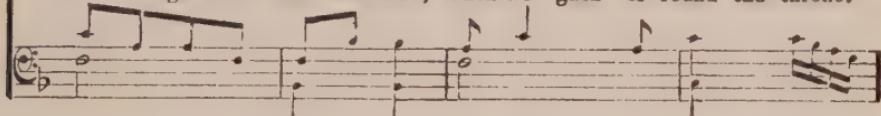
Mrs. W. J. Snyder.

1. { Sing - ing, sing - ing ev' - ry day, Work - ing for Je - sus.
 { Glo - ry, glo - ry all the way, Work - ing for Je - sus.
 2. { In His fav - or I'm com - plete, Trust - ing in Je - sus.
 { Ly - ing low - ly at His feet, Trust - ing in Je - sus.
 3. { Dwell - ing now on high - er ground, Liv - ing in Je - sus.
 { Heav - en's per - fume all a - round, Liv - ing in Je - sus.

Working, Trusting, Living.



Bless-ed toil to do His will, While His love my soul doth fill.
Ris-ing as He bids me go, Glad'-ning souls while here be-low,
O the glo-rious harv-est-home, When we gath-er round the throne.



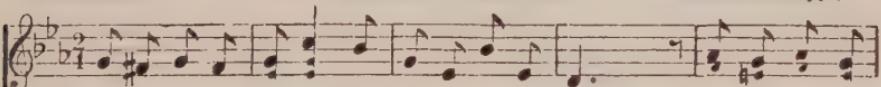
123

Jesus Wants the Children

E. B. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.



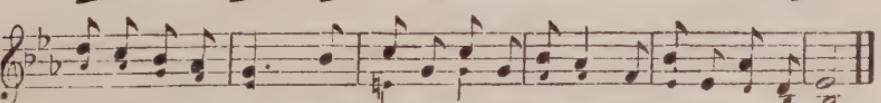
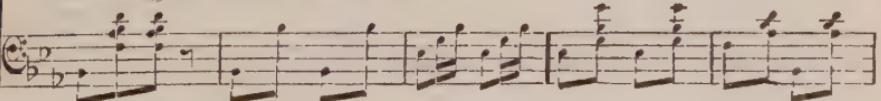
1. Jes-us wants the chil-dren His lit-tle lambs to be; Like a ten-der
2. Je-sus wants the chil-dren To be His lit-tle friends; Thank-ful for the
3. Je-sus wants the chil-dren To be His work-ers, too; There is al-ways



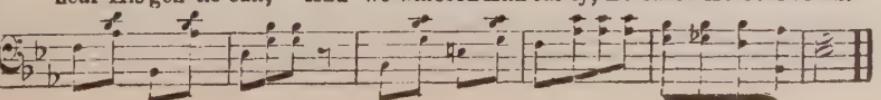
CHORUS.



Shep-herd, He cares for you and me. Je-sus wants the chil-dren; We
bless- ings That ev'-ry day He sends. some-thing That lit - tle ones can do.



hear His gen-tle call, And we will seek Him ear-ly, Be-cause He loves us all.



Song To the Flag.

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THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

Edith Sanford Tillotson,

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ban - ner bright with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
 2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age,
 3. Star - gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber,

Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free
 Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure,
 What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

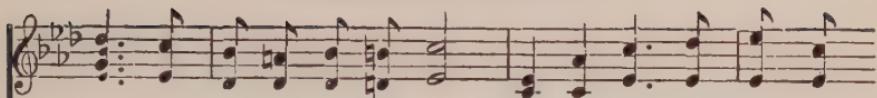
Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us
 Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed
 May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,

Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
 So we'll wear our col - ors while time shall en - dure:
 May we show thee hon - or, de - vo - tion and praise.

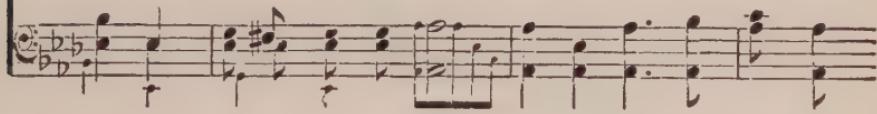
CHORUS.

Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner Stauch and

Song To the Flag.



strong we'll stand to col - ors true, Day by day we'll serve with



best en-deav - or, Life's al - le-giance give to the red, white and blue.



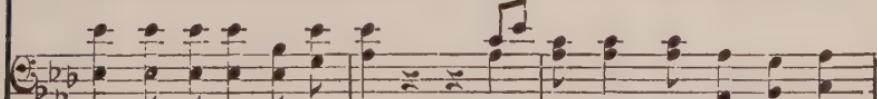
After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.



Three cheers for the red, white and blue Three



cheers for the red, white and blue, The ar - my and na - vy for-



ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

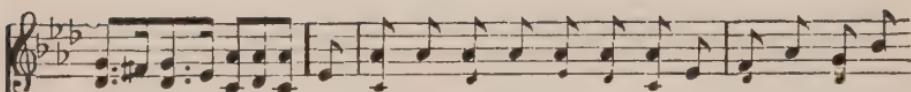
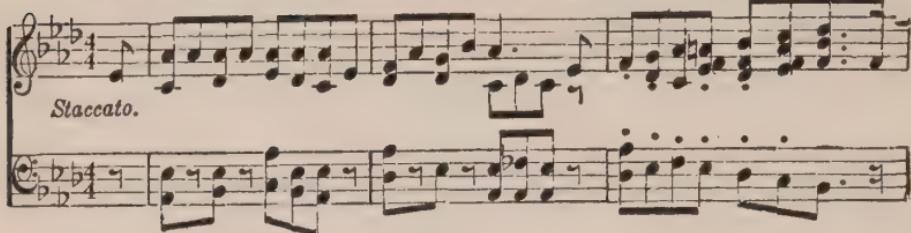


The Little Owl Laughed.

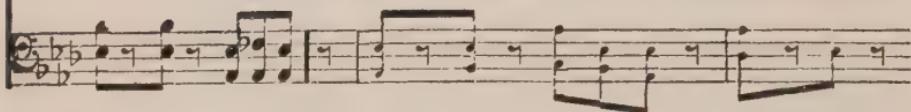
Mrs. Ida M. Budd.

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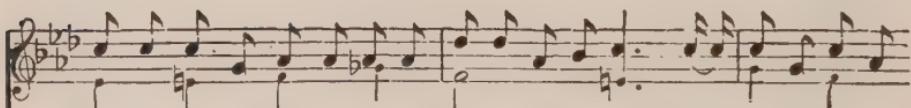
Chas. H. Gabriel.



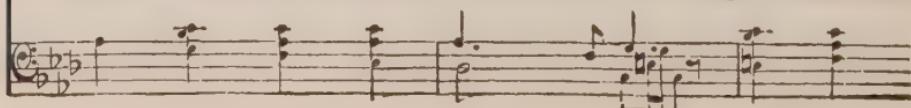
1. One day a lit-tle fluf-fy owl sat in a hol-low
2. The squirrels frisk'd from limb to limb, brisk chatt'ring all the
3. Two ver - y naughty lit-tle boys from school had run a-
4. The lines were forming in the halls as rang the last bell's



tree, As prop-er and as sol-ern as a lit - tle owl could be; He
 while, The owl blink'd at them sleep-i-ly but did - n't e-ven smile; In
 way, And in the shad-ow of that tree they stopped to talk and play; They
 chime, And they march'd in the same as tho' they'd been there all the time; They

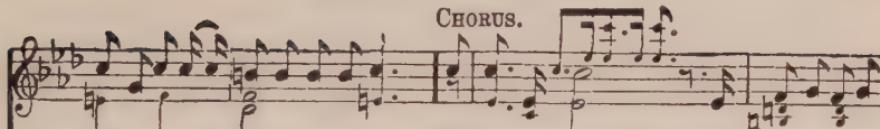


sat far back with-in the cleft to shun the sunlight's glare, And no one ev-er
 fact owls nev-er smile, they say; I truly don't see why, For this one laugh'd out
 did not see the owl but he looked down upon the two, And frightened them al-
 learn'd their lessons, ev'ry word and then went out to play, And the good, kind teacher



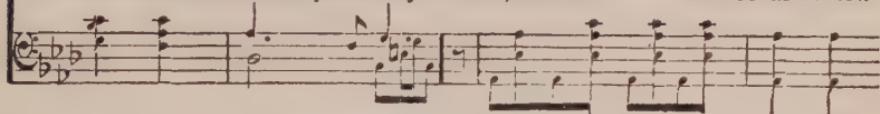
The Little Owl Laughed.

CHORUS.

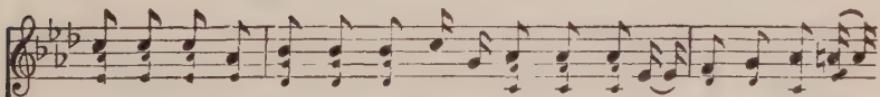


would have guessed a little owl was there. Tu whit, tu whoo!
loud that day, I'll tell you by and by. Tu whit, tu whoo!
most to death with a sudden Whoop, whoop, whoop! Tu whit, tu whoo!
never knew that these small boys ran away. Tu whit, tu whoo!

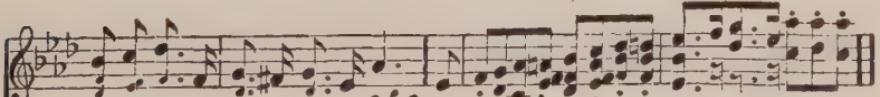
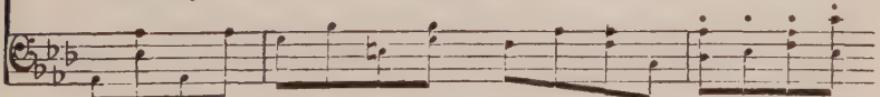
I'm sure you'll say with
I'm sure you will a-
I'm ver-y sure you'll
But in his hol-low



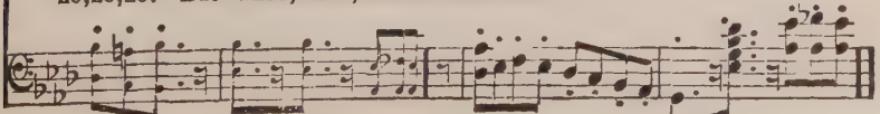
me, Tu whit, tu whoo! That a fun-ny bird was he, To hide away thro' the
gree, Tu whit, tu whoo! That the oddest bird was he, To laugh away to him-
say, Tu whit, tu whoo! That naught-y boys were they, It served them right that they
tree, Tu whit, tu whoo! The owl laugh'd solemnly, A laugh quite queer to the



long, bright day, But that's the way of the owls, they say, For they fly by night in the
self that day, Yet, that's what owls nev er do, they say, But he surely did as he
got a fright, And so it put both of them to flight, For they nev-er stopped till they
hu - man ear, And one we sel-dom, if ev - er hear, Not "ha-ha-ha," nor



star' soft light, Tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo!
sat there hid, Tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo!
almost drop'd, Tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo!
"ho, ho, ho!" But "whoo, whoo, whoo! whoo-whoo!"



List to the Bells.

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Homer A. Rodeheaver.

Edith S. Tillotson.

1. List to the bells that ring to-day, What is the news they bear?
2. List to the bells from steep-les high, Ring-ing their sweet-est strain,
3. List to the bells, once more they ring, Speak-ing to one and all,

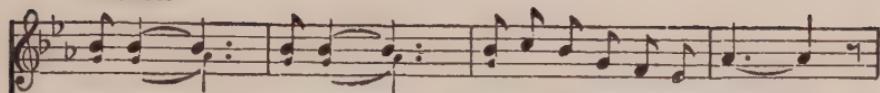
What are the words they seem to say, Wak-ing the qui - et air?
 What is the call that ech - oes by? What is the soft re - train?
 What is the mes-sage each would bring? What is their sol-emn call?

This is the call that comes to me, Borne by those voic-es sweet,
 This is the word they bring to me, Peal-ing in glad ac - cord,
 This is the lov - ing word that floats Out on the Sab-bath air,

"This is His day—His pre-cept o-bey, And come, in His Tem - ple meet!"
 "Come, put a-way your toil and your play, And wor-ship and praise the Lord."
 "Give Him your praise, this greatest of days, And serve Him with song and prayer."

List to the Bells.

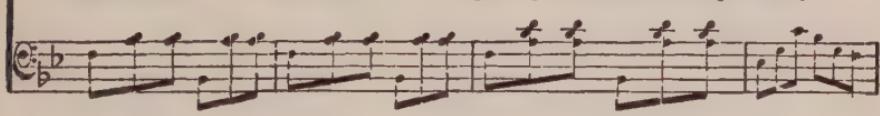
CHORUS.



Ring-ing, ring-ing, call-ing to wor-ship and praise,



Ring-ing, ring-ing, glo-ry and hon-or they raise;



Ring-ing, ring-ing, sweet-ly the sum-mons they bring,



Tell-ing a won-der-ful sto - ry, call-ing to worship the King.



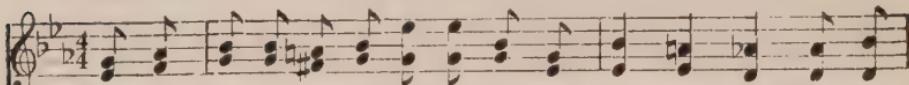
Interlude.

127 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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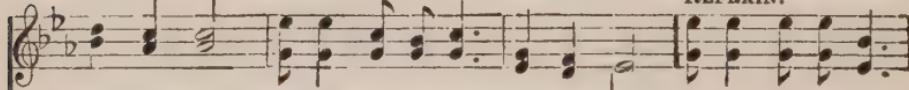
1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-



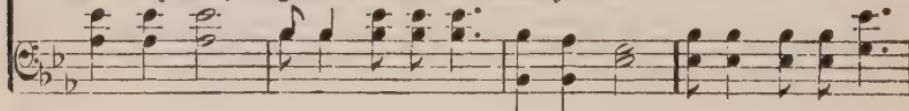
wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du-ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum - ble hand the bread of



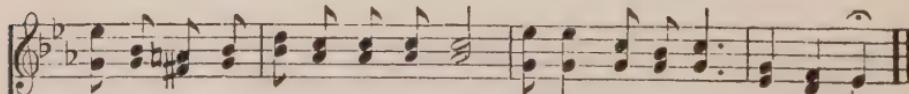
REFRAIN.



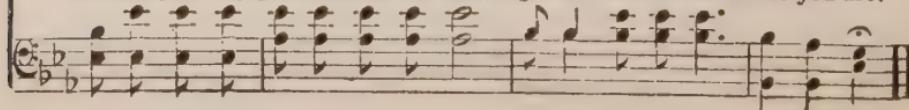
now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.



where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!



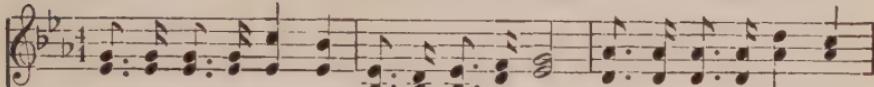
har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.



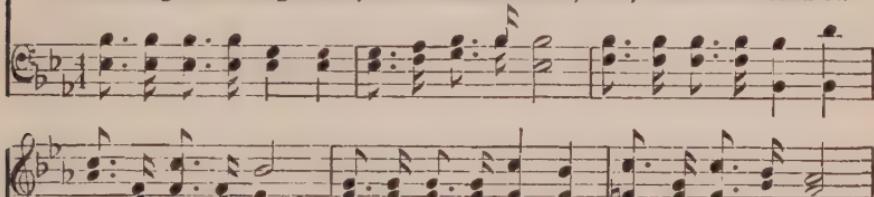
George Tillman Snead.

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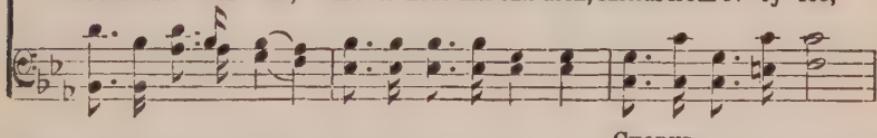
Chas. H. Gabriel.



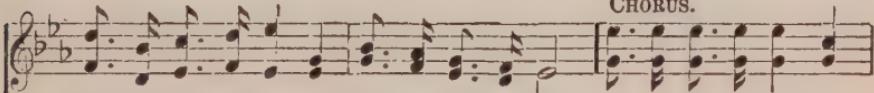
1. Look-ing on the bright side, trust-ing all to Him; Lean-ing on the Sav - ior
2. Look-ing on the bright side, ev - 'ry pass-ing day, We can cheer a trav -'ler
3. Look-ing on the bright side, tho' the shadows fall, God, with-in the shad-ow



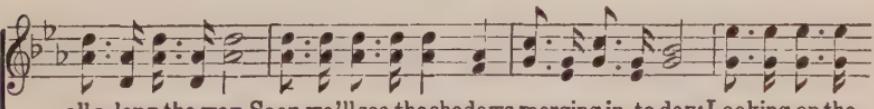
when the light is dim, Tho' the way be thorn-y and the mountain steep,
on the nar-row way; We can tell the sto - ry, tell of Him our Guide,
watcheth o - ver all; He is near His chil-dren, shields from ev-'ry foe,



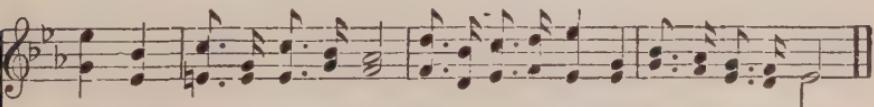
CHORUS.



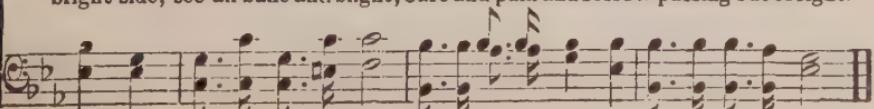
Look-ing on the bright side, God the soul will keep.
Who was for a world of sin - ners cru - ci-fied. Looking on the bright side
Gives them peace and comfort in this world be-low.



all a-long the way, Soon we'll see the shadows merging in-to day; Looking on the



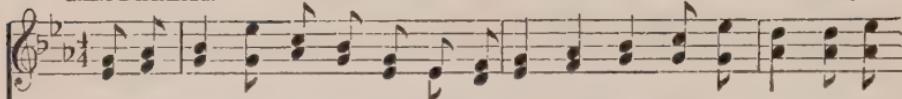
bright side, see all bane and blight, Care and pain and sorrow passing out of sight.



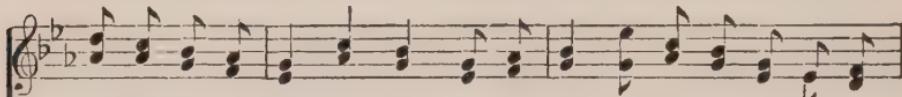
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Lizzie DeArmond.

B. D. Ackley.



1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan - gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the



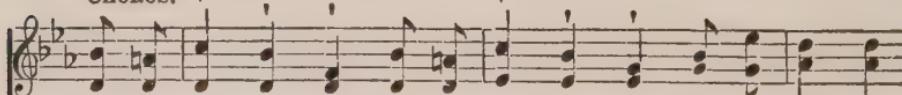
com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur- den share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will



soon be light, —Ev'-ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



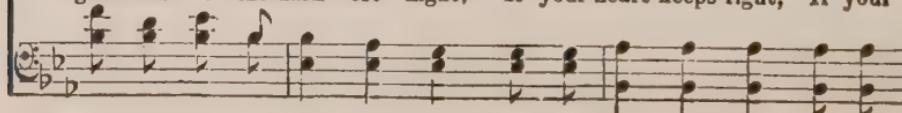
CHORUS.



If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your



If Your Heart Keeps Right.

heart keeps right, Ev'ry cloud will wear a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.

130

I Must Do Something.

W. L. M.

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W. L. McRae.

1. I must do some-thing for Je - sus! I see He hath need of me
2. I must do some-thing for Je - sus, Since He has shown me the way;
3. I must do some-thing for Je - sus! His Spir-it bids me to work;

To work in His bless-ed vine - yard, And talk of His love so free.
I'll toil and suf - fer for Je - sus, Yes, la - bor and watch and pray.
My hands shall nev - er be i - dle,—A du - ty I'll nev - er shirk.

CHORUS.

I must do something for Je - sus, I must do something for Him; I'll

love Him and serve Him while here I stay, And shun the paths of sin.

W. L. McRae.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry

D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

D. C.

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

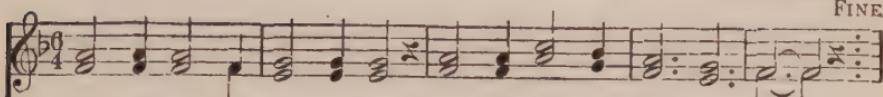
1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With ma - ny a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev - 'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, al - l! I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God. I come! I come!

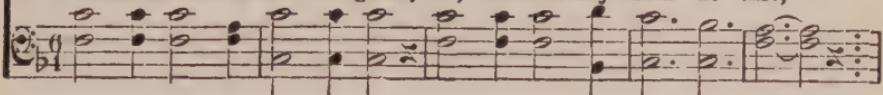
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE



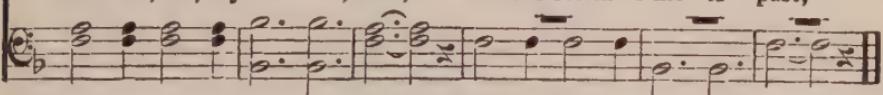
1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, {
 While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the temp-est still is high; }
 D. C.—Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last,



D. C.



Hide me, Oh, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;



2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind;
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

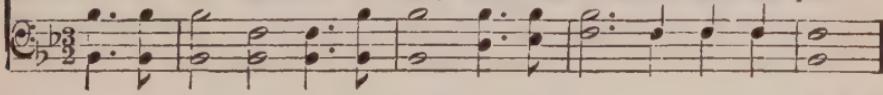
Rock of Ages.

Thomas Hastings.

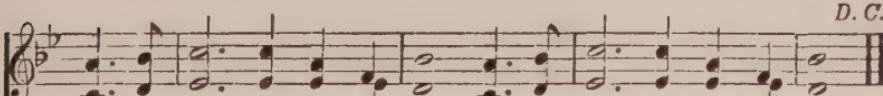
FINE



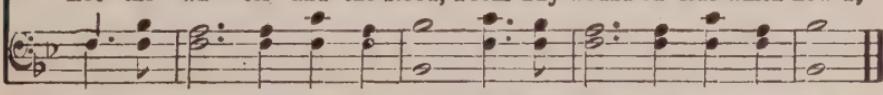
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
 D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



D. C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,



2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.

1. { My Je-srs, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; } My gracious Re-deem-
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re-sign; }
2. { I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov-ed me, } I love Thee for wear-
And purchased my par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; }

er, my Sav-ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir-it, faithful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side, } Weary souls for-
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. }
D.C.-Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."

2. { Ev - er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, } When the storms are
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear. }
D.C.-Whisper soft-ly "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home"

e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
rag-ing sore. Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner,
D. S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low - ship of
2. Be-fore our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our

kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me.
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down,Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone:
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n;All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
 4. Then,with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,Out of my stony griefs,Bethel I'll raise;
 5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,Nearer,my God,to Thee,Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee,Nearer,my God,to Thee,Nearer to Thee!
 An - gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee,Nearer,my God,to Thee,Nearer to Thee!
 So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee,Nearer,my God to Thee,Nearer to Thee!
 Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee,Nearer,my God,to Thee,Nearer to Thee!

My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.

AMERICA.

Henry Carey.

1. My country! 'tis of thee,Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My native country, thee,Land of the no-ble,free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze,And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal
 4. Our fathers' God to Thee,Author of lib - er-ty, To Thee we sing:Long may our

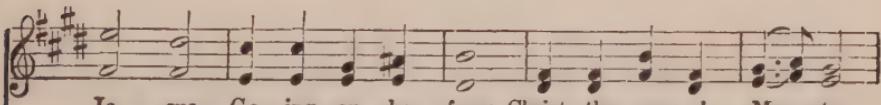
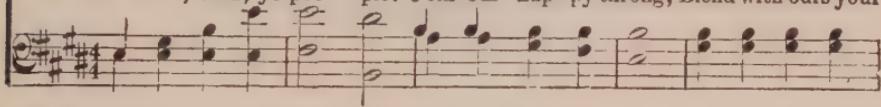
fa-thers died!Land of the pilgrims' pride!From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills,Thy woods and templed hills;My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
 tongues awake,Let all that breathe partake,let rocks their silence break,The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might,Great God,our King!

Sabine Gould.

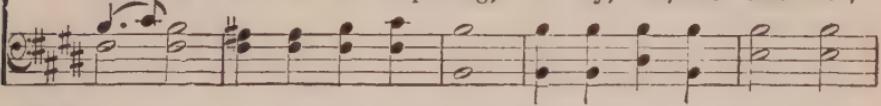
Arthur Sullivan.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!

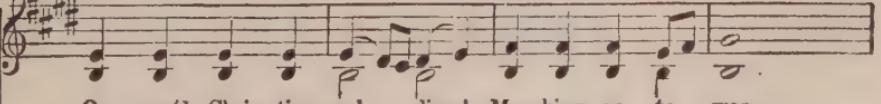
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.

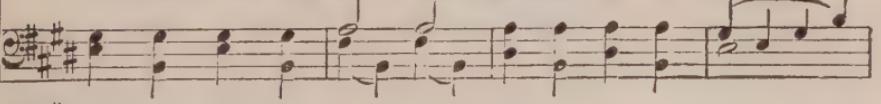
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



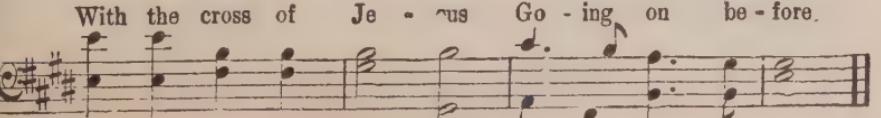
CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



Index

All the world for Jesus.....	119	Jack frost	54	Saviour like a shepherd	65
All this for Me.....	105	Jesus' love	45	Shining for Jesus.....	112
All we can.....	18	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	133	Singing from the heart	74
Always cheerful	2	Jesus loves even me.....	1	Sleep birdie	100
Angry words	9	Jesus wants the	123	Sleep, sleep	1
As a shepherd	24	Jesus wants us all.....	17	S-M-I-L-E	90
Because He loved me.....	120	Jewels	19	Song to the flag	124
Be loving right along.....	107	Just as I am.....	132	Spelling love	101
Blessed Jesus	102	Just like Jesus.....	50	Stand up for Jesus	137
Blest be the tie.....	138	Keep busy	116	Stepping onward	91
Brave and true.....	31	Keep sweet	60	Sunbeam children	98
Brighten the corner.....	127	Kind words	36	Sunbeams and raindrops	39
Brighten up the shady	66	List to the bells	126	Sweetly sing	42
Bring them in.....	58	Little Christians	11	Swing little blossoms	28
Building every day.....	62	Little drops of water	22	Swing song	95
Busy for Jesus.....	20	Little eyes	86		
C-L-O-C-K	13	Little feet be careful	41		
Countless gifts	27	Little heralds	49		
Dare to do right.....	25	Little messengers	94		
Day by day.....	73	Little pilgrims	118		
Don't step there.....	77	Little Robin Redbreast	14		
Dropping pennies.....	88	Little sleepy-heads	56		
Even the waifs.....	76	Living bibles	97		
Exercise song	117	Looking on the bright	128		
Gather up the sunbeams	71	Love and do	80		
Gentle Jesus	75	Love your neighbor.....	96		
Give, O give.....	99				
God is good.....	10	My Country 'tis of Thee.....	140		
God made the flowers	30	My friend	4		
Good words	59	My gifts to Jesus	108		
Happy little children	85	My hands I raise	111		
He loves me too.....	89	My Jesus I love Thee.....	135		
Holy night	57	My Rose of Sharon	44		
Holy Spirit Faithful	136				
How do you do.....	67	Nature's gifts	69		
I belong to Him.....	46	Nearer My God to Thee.....	139		
If your heart keeps	129	Never be afraid.....	16		
I'll try	72				
I'm not too young	48	O gentle Savior	113		
I'm only a little herald	93	One who loves me	82		
I must do something	130	Onward Christian	141		
In peaceful silence	47	Our country's flag	63		
In the sunshine	115	Our gifts	121		
Is it right.....	87				
I want to shine.....	114	Praise in nature	81		
I would be a sunbeam	84	Pure white ribbons	5		
		R-I-G-H-T, Right	23		
		Rock of ages	134	Yes, Jesus loves me... ..	79

